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Collier's

THE NATION'S WEEKLY





The gum that is
good all through

COLLIER'S NATIONAL HOTEL DIRECTORY

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan



FINEST HOTEL ON THE GREAT LAKES
An ideal resort, uniting city gaieties with the quiet of country and seashore. It is delightfully situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, close to the great South Parks and but 10 minutes' ride from the theatre and shopping district. 450 large outside rooms—250 private baths—1,000 feet of broad veranda overlooking lake. Always cool, refreshing breezes—smooth, sandy bathing beach nearby—every comfort and convenience—all summer attractions. Tourists, transients and summer guests find hearty welcome. For booklet, address Manager, 51st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?
The **CLENDENING** 198 W. 103 St., N.Y. Select Home-like, Economical Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath \$1.50 daily and up. WRITE FOR BOOKLET B WITH MAP OF CITY.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Hotel Savoy "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. Eng. grill. \$1.50 up.

SUMMER RESORTS

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

Cape Cod's the place where you would enjoy yourself this summer.

We've a beautifully illustrated book that tells about the summer pleasures that await you on Cape Cod—the yachting, the bathing, the fishing and the social life.

Before you decide where to go this summer, send for "Quaint Cape Cod."

It's Free

Write A. B. Smith, G. P. A., Room 183, New Haven, Conn.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.



The first and only satisfactory permanent linen-wear

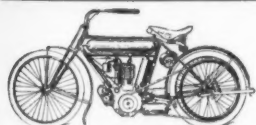
Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

They weather all weathers—hot, cold, wet or dry they keep their shape, and have that dull linen finish. In every fashionable cut and style. When soiled they wipe white as new with a damp cloth. Wear them and bank your savings.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Avoid Substitutes and Imitations
If not at your dealers, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO.
7 Waverly Place, New York

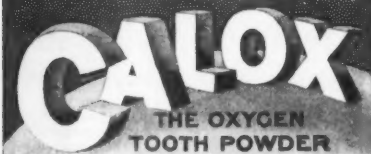


If you only knew how useful the M. M. Motorcycle would be to you, we would have your order at once.

It rides easily, without noise or vibration. It is controlled and steered almost unconsciously.

When fitted with the free engine clutch, will run from 1/2 to 50 miles an hour. No pedalling to start. It starts like an automobile.

Get our catalog and book "Sparks"
American Motor Co., 810 Centre St., Brockton, Mass.



Depends for its virtues not upon strong oils, carbolic or other irritating disinfectants, but upon the presence of **Oxygen (peroxide)**—Nature's purifier.

Ask your Dentist—he knows
ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS
Sample and Booklet free on request.
McKESSON & ROBBINS, NEW YORK



Collier's



|| Saturday, July 9, 1910 ||

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VOLUME XLV

NUMBER 16

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-430 West Thirtieth St.; London, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, W. C.; Toronto, Ont., The Colonial Building, 47-51 King Street West. For sale by Saarbach's News Exchange in the principal cities of Europe and Egypt; also by Daw's, 17 Green Street, Leicester Square, London, W. C. Copyright 1910 by P. F. Collier & Son. Registered at Stationers' Hall, London, England, and copyrighted in Great Britain and the British possessions, including Canada. Entered as second class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.50 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$6.80 a year. Christmas and Easter special issues, 25 cents.

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Pennsylvania R. R. Terminal

THE Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal in New York City is the central feature of an improvement whose total cost will reach \$100,000,000. It is a magnificent structure built for efficiency, almost regardless of cost.

It is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof, with vitrified tile surface.

Would such a roof have been used on this magnificent, modern, fireproof structure if anything better could be obtained at any price? Surely not.

The fact is, a Barrett Specification Roof is the most economical roof covering yet devised. And it has a record of 50 years of satisfaction behind it.

In addition to the great roof, the foundations are waterproofed with Coal Tar Pitch and Felt—the same materials as are used in Barrett Specification Roofs.

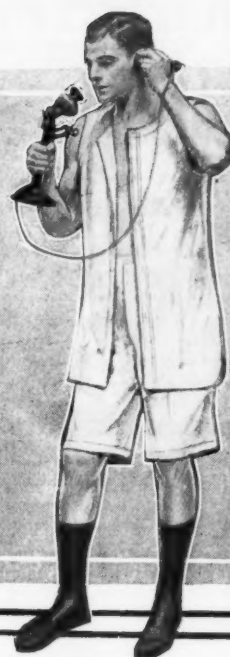
Before construction was commenced, a careful study was made by the chemists of the Pennsylvania Terminal Co. of many waterproofing compounds, with the result that it was decided to use Coal Tar Pitch instead of Asphalt.

About 4,000,000 pounds of Barrett's pitch were used for underground work and roofing.

The Barrett Specification should be in the hands of every architect, engineer and owner of buildings. Copy of it free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati
Pittsburg Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans London, Eng.



Copyright 1910 by
The B.V.D. Company

Reducing the weight of your outer garments won't make you cool in hot weather.

Real coolness and comfort lie next to your skin.

Tight fitting underwear frets the tired body and causes needless perspiration.

To enjoy real summer comfort wear Loose Fitting B. V. D. Underwear.

Every genuine B. V. D. garment has on it

This Red Woven Label



We make no garments without it.

COAT CUT UNDERSHIRTS,

and

KNEE LENGTH DRAWERS.

50c., \$1.00 and \$1.50 a garment.

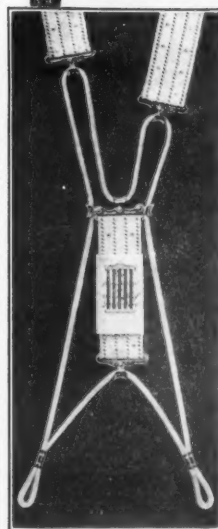
UNION SUITS

(PAT. 4-30-07)

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 a suit.

THE B. V. D. COMPANY, 65 Worth St., N. Y.

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS



This is the famous sliding cord that makes you forget you have suspenders on—a feature exclusive in Shirley President Suspenders.

Three weights—two lengths. Every pair guaranteed. At dealers or direct 50 cents.

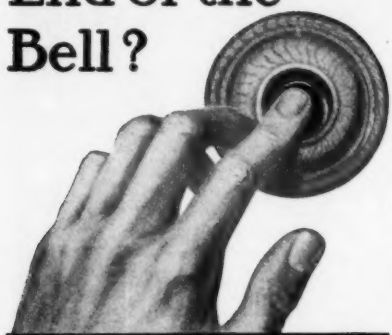
Nothing ever happened to-

morrow—buy your pair today.



1718 Main St., Shirley, Mass.

Which is Your End of the Bell?



ARE you at another's beck and call, or is your position one that puts and keeps you in the lead at an ever increasing salary?

Only the right training will ensure your success in life. You must "make good" in order to rise above the "wage" crowd. You must be an expert in your chosen line of work.

The International Correspondence Schools can make you an expert without your having to stop work or leave home. You can qualify in your spare time. **The I. C. S. has a way for you.** Mark the attached coupon and find out. Finding out costs you nothing.

3882 Salaries Raised **VOLUNTARILY** reported by I. C. S. students last year.

338 reported during April. You join these men. Give yourself a chance to succeed in life by **marking the coupon NOW.**

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1198, Scranton, Pa.
Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper	Electric Wireman
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertising Man	Electrical Engineer
Show Card Writing	Mechanical Draftsman
Window Trimming	Mechanical Engineer
Commercial Illustrating	Telephone Expert
Industrial Designing	Stationary Engineer
Architectural Draftsman	Textile Manufacturing
Building Contractor	Civil Engineer
Architect	Concrete Construction
Chemist	Plumbing, Steam Fitting
Spanish	Mine Foreman
French	Mine Superintendent
German	Automobile Running
Italian	

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

WANTED

Chauffeurs—Auto Salesmen
Good Salaries
Young men of good character may become expert auto mechanics within 12 weeks. We teach you by mail. Demand for trained men far exceeds the supply. Cost to learn is small; part payable after you secure a position. Easy payment. Write for plan G.
The Automobile College of Washington, Inc.
Washington, D. C.
Reference: 14th St. Savings Bank, Wash., D. C.
Greatest school of Auto Engineering in U. S.

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book Keeping and shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal. Write today.
C. W. RANSOM, 289 Reliance Bldg., KANSAS CITY, MO.

Be An Advertising Expert

Push your own business—make more money—increase your earning capacity by becoming expert on advertising in spare time. Our experts instruct you personally by mail. **FREE TRIAL** of the Lord Course proves what YOU can accomplish. Write today.
Progress Self-Help University, 2101 Monroe St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Belmont School (FOR BOYS)

Belmont, California, 25 miles south of San Francisco, believes that it reasonably well meets the moral, physical and intellectual requirements of careful parents. Write for specific information.

W. T. Reid, A. M. (Harvard), Head Master.
W. T. Reid, Jr., A. M. (Harvard), Asst. Head Master.

Binder for Collier's \$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address
COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York

ALMA COLLEGE

Educates sensibly. Picked faculty, thorough instruction. Attractive situation, climate. Good food; home cooking. Preparatory. Collegiate. Music, Art, Education. Domestic Science. Tuition low. Write R. I. Warner, M.A., D.D., President, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, for terms, prospectus.

ADVERTISING BULLETIN

NO. 63

MISLEADING COPY

IN the various bulletins which I have published during the past twelve months there have been several that have touched on exaggerated and misleading statements as one of the abuses of advertising.

For my own part I believe that a certain allowance should always be made for an advertiser's natural enthusiasm and belief in his own goods. Probably most readers make due allowance for this. But there is a point beyond which enthusiasm must not go.

I recall an instance of this that occurred in connection with Collier's something over a year ago. Three different manufacturers, making the same kind of article, each ordered a full page advertisement in the same issue. When the three pieces of copy came in, our young man who has that in charge discovered that each of the three claimed its product to be superior to any other in the market, and attacked all

others as "imitations." It was a plain case of the pot calling the kettle black.

We simply had to tell those three advertisers that we should have to so edit the copy that these exaggerated statements would be eliminated. Collier's could not put before its readers three statements of which two must necessarily be untrue.

Two of the manufacturers agreed to this and the copy was changed. The third notified us, just as we were closing our forms, that if we did not run the copy as submitted the page would be canceled. This was embarrassing, more on account of the make-up of the issue than the loss of the \$1600, but we could do nothing but stand firm.

A fundamental policy and principle is worth more than a page of advertising. This is what we told the advertiser and he did not cancel his order—the copy was changed and the page was run.

E. L. Patterson
Manager Advertising Department

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—"Value of Classified Columns"



Western Electric Inter-phones

WHATEVER your business may be there is need for quick and reliable communication between its different departments. Western Electric Inter-phones fill just such a need. They are automatic in action—no operator is required. To make a call you simply press the proper button on the nearest telephone. This one operation rings and connects the desired party. While you are talking other conversations can also be carried on in the system. Just figure for a moment how much time such a telephone system

would save you and your employees. The superintendent of the factory in which the above illustrations were obtained says his eleven-station system saves 30% of his time.

Now consider the low cost. Inter-phones can be installed complete, including labor and all material, at a cost ranging from \$6 to \$30 per station, depending on the type of equipment selected. The fact that they are made by the manufacturers of the celebrated "Bell" telephones is assurance of their reliability.

Request our nearest house to mail you Booklet No. 7666, giving complete information regarding our different Inter-Phone systems.

The Western Electric Company Furnishes Equipment for Every Electrical Need.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

New York	Chicago	Manufacturers of the 5,000,000 "Bell" Telephones	Saint Louis	San Francisco
Philadelphia	Indianapolis		Kansas City	Los Angeles
Boston	Cincinnati		Denver	Seattle
Pittsburg	Minneapolis		Dallas	Salt Lake City
Atlanta	Montreal		Omaha	
	Toronto		Vancouver	
	London		Johannesburg	
	Berlin		Sydney	
			Tokyo	

PARIS GARTERS

A Necessity with Knee Drawers
They fit so well, you forget they're there
25¢, 50¢ and \$1.00 at your dealers, or sample pair from the makers.
A STEIN & CO
504 Center Ave Chicago.

NO METAL can touch you

It Makes A Difference

Automobile Cylinder Oil is simply required to lubricate—and then burn up cleanly. The presence of body makes an oil lubricate. Freedom from carbon impurities makes it burn cleanly.

HAVOLINE OIL

possesses the same lubricating body as other oils; but it burns cleaner because it has been filtered freer from carbon impurities.

At All First-class Garages
HAVOLINE OIL CO.
92 Broad St. New York

LEARN TO SWIM BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvad's Water-Wings
Price 25¢ and 35¢
GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER
With Them Anyone Can Swim or Float
Supports From 50 to 250 Pounds
Weighs Three Ounces
Takes Up No More Room Than A Pocket Handkerchief

Sold by Druggists, Stationers, Dry-goods, Sporting-goods, Hardware dealers, Toy Stores, etc. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. B.
AYVAD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hoboken, N. J.
Write: Educational Dept., London County Council classified Water-Wings with books, etc., as necessary school supply. Bright Boys wanted to act as Agents.

Rémoih Gems

Looks like a diamond—wears like a diamond—brilliantly guaranteed forever—stands bling and fire like a diamond—has no paste, foil or artificial backing. 1-20th the cost of diamonds. Set only in solid gold mountings. A marvelously constructed gem. Not an imitation. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Sent on approval. Write for Catalog. It is free.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 543 N. Bldway, St. Louis

MONEY IN MUSHROOMS
WRITE FOR BIG ILLUS. FREE BOOKLET showing our beds and learn how to grow mushrooms at home in cellars, sheds, stables, boxes, outdoors, etc. 300% profit, markets waiting. We were first, 25 years experience, make and sell best fresh spawn, and teach you our methods free. **National Spore & Mushroom Co., Dept. 34 Hyde Park, Mass.**

LAME PEOPLE

All persons afflicted with a shortened or weak limb should write at once for our booklet "CURE." The Pittsburgh Orthopedic Company, the largest manufacturers of deformity appliances in the world. 635 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

\$180,340.00\$ MADE BY MY CLIENTS

You Should Have My Free Book telling HOW OTHERS will do the same in THE FUTURE. WHAT and HOW to INVENT. Book free! **E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 852F, Washington, D.C.**

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PATENTS **WATSON E. COLEMAN**
Patent Lawyer, 612 F.S. Washington, D.C.
Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Best services.



"BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS"

beautifully reproduced in colors—*hand* colored if you prefer—would be an attractive and artistic addition to your den, library or living room. It is from the original by O. H. Peets, and is one of the newest Collier productions. The hand-colored platinum prints are particularly striking. The color reproduction is on fine-art paper, with a heavy mount 16 x 18½ in., and is all ready for framing—although many prefer the effect secured by simply fastening the mount *unframed* on the wall with glass push-pins.

You will probably find the picture at the nearest art store—but if not you can order direct—and if you are dissatisfied return the picture. In ordering direct remit 50c to Proof Department.

P. F. COLLIER & SON
416 West 13th St., New York City

Agent for Canada: WILLIAM BRIGGS
29 Richmond Street, West Toronto, Canada



Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, July 9, 1910



Outdoor America Number

Next week's issue, the July Outdoor America Number, will contain, in addition to the usual departments and Mr. Whitney's "View-Point," a number of articles, among which are scheduled the following:

The Boy Scouts of England

By RALPH D. PAINE

Field Day Afloat

By F. B. JAEKEL

Fifteen Million Dollars a Year for Baseball

By C. S. THOMPSON

Automobiling on the Valdez Trail

By G. MARION BURTON

Fishing for Black Bass

By LOUIS RHEAD

The Sailboat on the Lakes

By WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

"Moving Sidewalk" Yachts

The Great Lakes lure almost as the sea. They are seas themselves, indeed. Their length is 1,420 miles, and the lead line streams out 1,800 feet sometimes before it hits bottom. On them the yachtsmen may hobnob with grain steamers and anchor at night in the cheery bustle of a smoky port and then find in a day's sail solitudes where the deer comes down from the virgin forest to drink at dawn.

Mr. Thompson's article tells all about yachting on these "vast seas of sweet water." He tells of the various skiffs; the St. Lawrence River, Collingwood, and Mackinac; the 21-footers which imitate a class that used to sail in Massachusetts Bay; of the racing scow or "moving sidewalk" as it is sometimes facetiously called.

When ten or a dozen crews from as many little inland lakes get the gun at Oshkosh, each prepared to drive their "moving sidewalk" to the limit of her powers, it is a sight well worth seeing. The men work like a fast team in a circus. A scow going to windward sails on edge, and the crew perch on the weather side like bare-back riders. Sailors on such boats must be acrobats. The article is illustrated by photographs.

More Vacation Prizes

In this issue appear the results of our second offer of small prizes for vacation experiences. So successful have the two competitions already held proved that Collier's renews the offer of last year: \$100 will be paid for the best 1,000-word, or less, manuscript describing an actual vacation experience, \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept. Contributions must be mailed before October 1. Many manuscripts will come in, and all will be read—unless they come rolled. Naturally, those who will read them would prefer to have them typewritten.

Without intending to describe what a good story about a vacation is, perhaps a hint or two would help those who find it hard to transfer to paper the sense of joy or helpfulness they felt in that brief free time of the year. Don't waste time telling the details of why you went where you did—perhaps the decision took a long time and caused much discussion in your family—but, you see, that really wasn't part of your vacation. Many writers use too many words to get the vacation started. Read Mr. Brush's "Seven on Four Wheels" in this issue, count forward from the first word, and you'll be surprised to find the vacation party is made up, the expedition under way, the equipment indicated, and the spirit of the party set forth in a very few words.

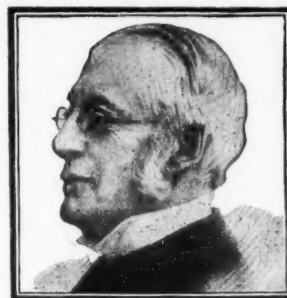
A Few Good Photographs

that help to make the idea of the vacation clearer, should be sent with each manuscript. Do this if it is at all possible—behind this competition lies an idea, and an ambition: to make what is printed in the Vacation Number of Collier's so tempting that every reader will try to make his vacation a time of real refreshment. And good photographs are the best tempters of the eye that we know. Some good writers don't realize the value of pertinent picture illustration. But give the right one a chance to use three or four appropriate photographs with his thousand words of text, and he will produce, on three-quarters of a page in Collier's, a satisfying account of a vacation, however extended or varied.

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

Beautiful Editions Direct
from the Publishers

You can secure the
volumes, handsomely
bound, for as little
as ten cents a day.



A Library of Liberal Education

"Within the limits of fifty volumes, containing about 22,000 pages, I was to provide the means of obtaining such a knowledge of ancient and modern literature as seems essential to the twentieth century idea of a cultivated man."

"It is my belief that the faithful and considerate reading of these books, with such re-readings and memorizings as individual taste may prescribe, will give any man the essentials of a liberal education, even if he can devote to them but fifteen minutes a day," says Dr. Eliot.

How to Secure the Books Direct at a Special Price

DR. ELIOT'S Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics) is published only by P. F. Collier & Son, through special arrangement with Dr. Eliot, and cannot be obtained elsewhere. By manufacturing and selling to the amount of \$80,000,000 worth in the past thirty years, we have demonstrated our ability to sell books at prices beyond competition. The volumes of The Harvard Classics are handsomely printed from new type, beautifully illustrated, exquisitely bound, yet through the Collier Policy of printing and binding our own books in our own printing establishment and our own bookbinding—the largest in the country—and selling direct, we save all middlemen's profits and give you, the subscriber, the benefit. That is why you can purchase the Five-Foot Shelf of Books, magnificently printed and bound, at very much less than similarly made books would cost you elsewhere.

Let Us Mail You This Book Free

We have published a 64-page book containing the complete official list of contents of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, and much other interesting information. THIS BOOK IS VALUABLE to everybody who has a library, whether large or small. We will mail you a copy postpaid, free of charge, and without obligation on your part, on request.

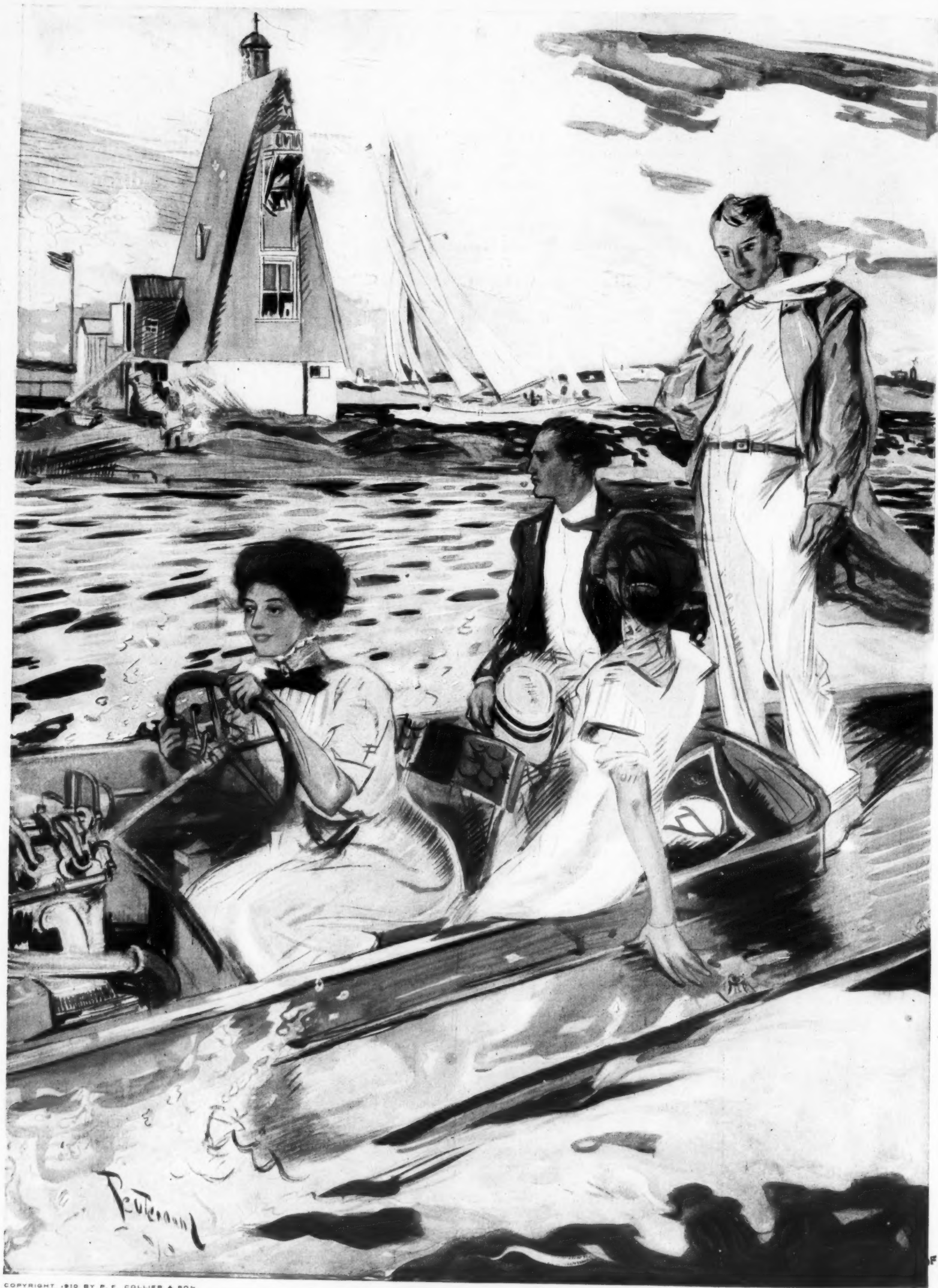
Send this Coupon for the
FREE BOOK

P. F. COLLIER & SON 7-9-10
428 W. 13th Street, New York
Please mail to me the 64-page Book containing the official list of contents of The Harvard Classics (Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books).

Name.....

Address.....

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



COPYRIGHT, 1910 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

Idle Days

Drawn by HENRY REUTERDAHL

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Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street
NEW YORK

July 9, 1910

One Theory of Good Times

MEN "STOP THE PAPER" for a variety of causes. THOMAS NELSON, who does business under the name "The Thomas Nelson Company, Incorporated," at Stone House, Nevada, remarks that "it is always sad to part with old friends; it is a long time since I began reading your paper; but I have advanced or the paper has deteriorated; I find myself out of sympathy with it." Then Mr. NELSON states a specific cause of complaint:

"Just now it's popular to cry about high prices. Did any one ever see good times when prices were low? Did any one ever see better times in the world than we are enjoying just now? If so, when? Why not let well enough alone? Instead of rejoicing at the plight the Republican Party seems to be in, we should feel bad. It means trouble for the whole nation."

If the library resources of Stone House include GUIZOT'S "History of France," Mr. NELSON can find therein an exalted character who shared his theories of political economy. His name was DE CALONNE, and he was Minister of Finance in 1787. His *régime* is epitomized by GUIZOT in these words:

"Money was lavished; largesses were multiplied; there was no declining to be good-natured or complaisant; economy was made the object of ridicule; it was daringly asserted that immensity of expenditure, animating circulation, was the true principle of credit."

Of course, what happened in France some two years after the period that was so amiable and pleasant-seeming to M. DE CALONNE and his prosperous friends isn't going to happen in the United States. People who predict for this country an economic and political revolution, accompanied with violence, are as absurd as those who stay awake nights fearing that Mr. ROOSEVELT is going to be a MARAT or a LOUIS NAPOLEON. But that this country must pass through an unpleasant and drastic economic experience in order to recover from the conditions symbolized by the present era of high prices is a belief entertained by a good many sound thinkers.

A Prediction

PRUDENT MEN, purely as a matter of expedience, are always cautious about predicting a commercial crisis. It is a defect of average human nature that such warnings are rarely taken calmly; either they are laughed away or they are interpreted as meaning that the trouble is going to begin to-morrow. Mr. VICTOR MORAWETZ is of the highest standing as a lawyer and banker. So thoughtful a scholar as he must have felt strongly when he spoke so plainly: "Since 1907 the liabilities of banks and trust companies have expanded at the rate of about five hundred millions a year, while we have shipped abroad more gold than we have imported. . . . Above all, patriotic men should make every endeavor at the earliest practical moment to settle the economic problems which are at the root of our periodic financial and commercial disturbances." Less careful thinkers than Mr. MORAWETZ lump our economic sins under the one rough word "extravagance," and are in a general way correct. As the "Wall Street Journal" puts it: "What is wanted just now is less gassy optimism and more appreciation of the significance of the situation." If every one would take this warning earnestly, and practise his part of the general economy, we wouldn't have any crisis. But in order to recover from the orgy of recent years, we shall have to undergo an amount and degree of self-denial such as men rarely practise voluntarily, only when it is forced on them. The truth is, we didn't have the patience to pass through a normal recovery succeeding the panic of 1907. We followed the policy of the absurd "sunshine movements" of the summer of 1908, and acted like a very sick patient who undertakes to do away with the period of convalescence by taking a stiff dose of oxygen or some other stimulant. Every person who will manage to do without a new house for a year or two, and wear his old suit for another summer, will help his own bank account, aid in bringing about low prices and perform a patriotic service generally. Not long ago, Philadelphia failed in an effort to borrow \$3,000,000 at four per cent. A few months before, New York was compelled to pay four and one-quarter per cent. Both Buffalo and Chicago have recently tried to borrow money at four per cent, and failed. Here is the best sort of security in the world, a security which in former years has made it easy to borrow at three per cent. The truth is, there isn't enough available capital to go around. People have been spend-

ing too much of what they earn, and we shall have to slow down awhile and accumulate a new reservoir of capital before the country can go ahead again at the pace of the last decade.

A Humble Invention

TO FORGET THE INVENTIONS of the hour is an impossibility. They are before one at every turn, and many of them contain potentialities vast and much discussed. For that very reason it is well occasionally to contemplate some invention of the past which works unremittingly and inconspicuously for the welfare of mankind. Consider the air-brake. How many, when they take a journey by rail, ever take thought of the device which stands ready to insure safety from possible accidents? All are so used to the sibilant noise below the cars that they never consider its portentousness. Yet by this application of the power of compressed air, tens of thousands of lives have been preserved, and railroad travel has been made more expeditious. All this is arrant truism: not a word of it but what has been said scores of times before. But we like to dwell upon the air-brake as one of those typical inventions which are doing their work faithfully and humbly while recent creations get the glory and applause.

The "Roadtown" Man

IT IS THE AMBITION OF EDGAR CHAMBLESS to make junk of the whole present system of city living. Since the day, in the panic year of 1893, he sat on a huge rock in a Los Angeles vacant lot and tried to figure out why some city property is very valuable and some is not, he has developed a new system of living. Just now he is publishing a book to explain it. "Roadtown"—a combination of living quarters and transportation line—is the Chambless name for this ideal system. He asks us to imagine a skyscraper turned on its side and extended across country—where land is cheap—for miles. In place of elevator shafts, he plans two subways for monorail express and local service. Houses are mere slices of this extended unit, and every item of living is cared for by cooperative effort. It is not difficult to follow the man as he talks—after a time one begins to understand the vitality of a vision. In his seventeen years of pondering, EDGAR CHAMBLESS has created in his mind a new world, has stamped out the slums, has set green trees and grass before the windows of all city dwellers, has moved travelers with great swiftness and in safety, has aired every piece of family bedding every day by a simple "Roadtown" device, has brought the farmer to the city and taken the city to the farms. Who will build "Roadtown"? Probably nobody, but the man with the vision has faith nevertheless.

Art in an Hour

THE "COSMOPOLITAN" MAGAZINE, in its feast of good things, includes an advertisement which is headed "Learn to Play Piano or Organ in One Hour," and offers a method of instruction whereby "you don't have to know one note from another, yet in an hour of practise you can be playing the popular music with all the fingers of both hands—and playing it well." Why the dreary wait? Why drag in sixty leaden-footed minutes? A facetious reporter recently talked with IGNACE PADEREWSKI on this matter. "The advertisement," he said, "does a grave injustice to the possibilities of the piano, organ, or other stringed instrument. It is true that some of the finer nuances of tone will not come till later in the morning. There will be purple depths of quality not attainable till the luncheon hour. And for that final thunder and sobbing plangency of the instrument, the young pupil will be delayed till toward sunset. But it does a grave injustice to a noble art to discourage beginners by implying that a full hour or even half that time is required to acquire a high degree of technique in fingering the keys."

Where Law is Common-Sense

IN KANSAS an ex-State grain inspector was accused of having embezzled money belonging to the commonwealth. His lawyers attempted to defend him on the ground that the word "state," through a printer's error, was improperly spelled "estate" in the statute. (The result of this contention would be that every person accused of embezzling money from the State must necessarily go free.) The district court, after the traditional manner of courts, held that the contention was sound. The case was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, and the

decision was reversed. There is no more apt comment on this case than that which was made by the Kansas City "Star":

"This court does not believe that the illiteracy of a typesetter or clerk should prevail over the manifest morality and common sense of a great people. In some sister States all an attorney for a defendant has to do is to get some stenographer or copyist to leave out of the statute or an indictment such a word as 'the,' and the highest courts in those commonwealths will hold that the trial has been fatally defective. . . . In Kansas the Supreme Court has shown a fine purpose to cut loose from technical absurdities which have somehow grown up and strangely paralyzed the brain cells of many other courts. In fine, the Supreme Court of Kansas is reaching for the attainment of that highest ideal of justice—the law is common sense."

An Old Lady of Brittany

A RICH OLD LADY is that grandam of Brittany who has 147 direct descendants alive. She is now eighty-seven years old. She was married at sixteen, and had fourteen children, of whom but five are now living. Nevertheless, the family tree has branched and blossomed in four generations to the present number of 147. The good old lady can call each of her grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren by his or her Christian name. Doubtless this is rendered easier by the fact that certain family names have prevailed and have been given several times. In the village where most of the family live, an entire street is given over to them. Best of all is the fact that every male descendant among the 147 is—or is going to be—a fisherman in his native province. This woman may well be proud. She has lived gloriously, and when her time for passing comes she may well have the assurance of an existence which has left its definite imprint.

Youth and Sleep

SLEEP HAS BEEN VIEWED variously by the best thinkers of many periods. Sir THOMAS BROWNE compared it to death. The same thought was in SHAKESPEARE'S mind when he spoke of "death's counterfeit" and "thou ape of death." CERVANTES, however, came much closer to the modern conception of sleep. He had SANCHE PANZA invoke blessings on the man who first invented it and then indulge in this oration: "It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap, and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man, even." And in his climax the faithful squire cried out against thinking of sleep as a form of death. Perhaps it is only among young men or in a youthful age of the world, such as the Elizabethan, that sleep isn't given its due. Both ambition and gaiety grudge rest any extra time. Yet when we come to COLERIDGE, the attitude of the age has changed and the note often heard is:

"O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!"

And to bring the discussion up to the minute, we have only to quote Editor ED HOWE of Atchison, Kansas, who has summed up the mental progress of centuries on this subject with so much force that his words ring of cynicism:

"When a man is real young, there seems to be so much going on in the world that he regrets the loss of the little time he has to devote to sleep; but in time he learns that sleep is about as interesting as the rest of it, and more satisfactory."

A Summer Device

HOW TO SLEEP IN COMFORT on warm summer nights is a problem of city life that uncounted thousands of families never have been able to solve. The ordinary flat or apartment house holds the heat like a patent fireless cooker, and the only hope of comparative comfort is the roof or the fire escapes. Among those who are fortunate enough to live in houses, a surprisingly large number have solved the problem by converting their second-story porches into bedrooms. Once you have built a wooden rampart, say thirty inches high, around the bottom of the outdoor sleeping room for protection from the gaze of the milkman and the grocer's boy and have screened the upper part to keep out the mosquitoes and the flies, the summer nights become something lyric. You can understand then the situation explained by EDWARD YOUNG in his "Night Thoughts," when he spoke of

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes."

It is nearly as cool on the open porch as under the sky—and any one who has ever been a camper knows what a difference there is between that and a room. Instead of trying to sleep with your head beside a rectangular opening in the wall about two and a half feet wide and three feet high, your pillow now is close to a window which is fully four feet high and perhaps as wide as the house. Instead of staring at black walls and a melancholy glimmer of light coming from the hallway, you lie now watching the stars and the waving tree tops. The crickets squeak drowsily, and the sound of the wind in the leaves is as soothing to the man on the porch as to any camper. On the first night, of course, you may be restless. The moonlight may bother you and the crickets seem to need oiling. But another night and you hear the crickets gratefully, and there is something mystic in the distant piano. For a few minutes you lie stretched out in thankful restfulness, the ideal ending for a day of conscientious labor. The crickets begin to

drone and blend their squeaks together, and the tree tops wave more and more mystically until you fall asleep. Morning comes with a tremendous chirping of sparrows and the sound of a rooster crowing somewhere. You lie a little while breathing deeply the fresh morning scents and grateful that you have a body, and then you know that the day has begun as it should.

Baseball and the American Character

SOME REMARKS ON BASEBALL, intended as reflections on the national character, have been made by a visiting Englishman. He was impressed by the "tremendous liveliness" of the game. The players, he thought, "seemed to be more on the spot than in cricket, always keenly on the lookout for business, as it were." The catching and fielding, in his opinion, exemplified "American eagerness and quickness. There was awfully little hesitating or bungling in the match I saw, which was a first-class one between two professional teams." He touched the same note again in the comment: "You know, baseball is a much more intricate affair than cricket, and though complicated problems have to be settled in a jiffy, the players always seem able to rise to any emergency—to size up a situation, I believe they say here. The whole thing certainly goes very pat." This critic does not in the least object, unlike some people both in his country and ours, to the money side of baseball: "It strikes me as being rather bosh to mind people's doing things for money if they can do them well enough to get money for doing them. In my opinion it's a proof of jolly good common-sense not to mind it." He wondered why he did not notice more betting on the "match." The frequent hooting of the umpire's decisions by the spectators he bluntly termed "lawless," as plainly avowing that the practice was perhaps natural in "not such a very law-abiding country, after all." He wanted to know if signaling was not "really a rather underhand sort of business?" "To an Englishman it looks like being just a little bit too sharp; it shows too great a willingness to succeed by tricks, and that's rather funny considering how much Americans talk about giving every one a square deal." What pleased the uncompromising censor best in the "match" he witnessed was "the simply terrific energy, you know, that the sliding was done with. The way those men literally shot themselves full length at the bags on the ground was something marvelous. Lord, it was stunning, simply stunning! I never before realized all the meaning in the American phrase 'get there.' But now I understand it better, and I think any one would after seeing the sliding in a first-class American baseball match."

Money and the Church

AN ILLINOIS LAWYER, observing parenthetically that he is with this paper "on the Ballinger matter and in all matters where you puncture coyunks," complains that the church in his town is too much under the control of "long-check-book members":

"More trouble has come to the church from this one cause than anything else. These long-check-book members are not crossed or objected to for fear their contributions will be lost. If a number of working young people join the church these long-check-book members will remark: 'Dear brethren, I am a business man and believe in business principles in conducting a church. If you will look at the number that just joined our church you will see that not one of them owns a thing beyond their small weekly wages, and are, therefore, a decided business detriment. Of course it looks well to have numbers in our church, but we must be business men and endeavor to get those who can contribute liberally.'"

Another side of the same question is suggested in a letter from Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, protesting against the meagerness of ministers' salaries:

"As a layman I contend that the salary question should be met in a liberal and self-respecting manner. The latest figures of the Department of Commerce and Labor place the average annual salary of ministers of all denominations at \$663. . . . One deplorable result is the speculative investment of their small savings. Among my friends in the clergy I have heard story after story of 'millions in it' as they have recalled wild-cat investments in rubber groves, mines, etc."

"The result is disastrous. The promoter uses the pastor's name in pilfering the lambs in the flock; the minister is discounted for financial leadership by all business men, and the church is humiliated. There is not a corporation that could exist by paying its executive officers laboring men's wages."

And the next comes from an old Hudson River town—in four foolscap pages, of slightly quavering longhand writing:

"... His successor is what they call a hustler, making improvements, building a new addition to the church, and ding-donging for money to carry out his plans until he would set you wild. We are a large family and have always had a pew in the church, contribute to everything to the limit of our resources, and if the poor man was to plead or scold until he was black in the face we could not give more."

"I like to think of the church as something apart and sacred from every-day toil and drudgery. The chanting of priests, good music, a speaker if he only reads the Gospel of the day with the right feeling, as if he really believed and loved the Word of God. Well, I feel as if I must have relief from money talk on Sundays. I have got up early and caught the car out of town to the monastery for half-past five o'clock high mass, and the feeling has come back of being in the house of prayer, in the presence of our Lord."

Here, in a sentence, is the whole history of orthodoxy and rationalism—under it lies that tremendous human craving for the "mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar which Christendom has named romance; the combination of something strange with something that is secure"; the craving which the new theologies find it so much harder to satisfy than did the old religion. To give their goods to the church seemed easy when men had already given it their souls.

What the World Is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Taft Legislation

THE Sixty-first Congress considered and reported from committee more than 6,000 out of 27,000 bills. About 300 public laws were enacted in this session as against 400 public laws for the entire Sixtieth Congress. Mr. Tawney, chairman of the House Appropriation Committee, estimated that the total appropriations for the session would be about \$907,000,000. Senator Hale, chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, gives an estimate which runs about twenty-six million over the billion-dollar mark. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Cannon are quoted as pleased and even elated by the round-up of enactments. The law-making includes:

The enactment of separate Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona.

The system of postal savings banks (described on the following page).

An enactment for the mandatory publicity of contributions in political campaigns.

The establishment of a Court of Commerce and a partial revision of the Interstate Commerce law. This means an increase in the Federal control of common carriers.

An enactment for the issue of reclamation certificates.

An increase in the navy by two first-class battle-ships and several smaller vessels.

The Conservation bill, authorizing the President to withdraw public lands containing valuable resources, subject to restoration only by act of Congress or by executive proclamation.

The creation of a commission to inquire into stock and bond issues of railroads with a view to ascertaining if they have been watered or not and recommending remedial legislation to Congress.

The creation of a Bureau of Mines and Mining, with an appropriation of \$502,000 for its administration.

Authorization for a tariff board to ascertain scientifically the difference of cost of production at home and abroad, for use in the future revision of the tariff.

An extension of the law compelling the use of safety appliances on railroads.

Legislation looking to the suppression of the white slave traffic. This was the result of the findings of the National Immigration Commission.

The reorganization of the lighthouse service.

Items

UNTROUBLED by heat, Governor Hughes jabbed his blue pencil into the State appropriations, and pricked \$4,000,000 of inflation out of them. Then he summoned his Legislature and bade it enact three measures. On June 20 he sent the swinking law-makers his message, demanding amendments to the primary law, providing for direct nominations, a more searching graft investigation, examination of the State finances. Governor Hughes is willing to compromise on such a bill as the Cobb bill, affecting the nomination of members of Congress, of both Houses of the Legislature, and of certain county officers.

Jane Addams received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale University at the commencement on June 22 because of her "prophetic vision, militant courage, and administrative, social and political capacity." She is the first woman in the history of the university to receive an honorary degree.

One more step has been taken in air flight. To daring and distance has now been added useful regularity. The first aerial liner to make a commercial voyage is the *Deutschland*, Count Zeppelin's dirigible. It flew, on June 22, 300 miles, from Friedrichshafen to Düsseldorf with six passengers.

The will of Goldwin Smith reveals that he left his residual estate, valued at \$1,000,000, to Cornell University. The document says: "My desire is to show my attachment to the university in the foun-

dation of which I had the honor of taking part, to pay my respect to the memory of Ezra Cornell, and to show my attachment as an Englishman to the union of the two branches of our race on this continent with each other and with their common mother."

The Golden Ruler Vindicated

FRED KOEHLER, Chief of Police in Cleveland, was acquitted on June 23 of the charges of "gross immorality and habitual drunkenness." The Civil Service Commission freed him from all blame in unreserved and complete terms. What made the case of national interest was Koehler's use of the Golden Rule in dealing with petty offenders. He had attempted to make the station-houses of Cleveland reformatories and educational institutions rather than the stamping ground of the "third degree." An hour after his acquittal, he was reinstated as chief by the mayor.

The Busy Little Isle

LLOYD-GEORGE will have introduced his new Budget by the time this paper reaches its readers. Fate continues to be with Lloyd-George, and money comes his way. On this last year's Budget, ending July 1, the receipts from the inheritance tax for the year will have amounted to \$128,000,000. The delayed income tax, collected in April and May, will probably amount to \$100,000,000.

Meanwhile the conferences on the House of Lords

Fear shapes the hopes of the "Saturday Review." It says of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues: "We can not believe that they will revive the brutal constitutional argument for at least some months to come, though revived in the winter it is sure to be. Only a man disloyal at heart to the Crown will hasten to reopen the horrid veto business. There can not, in common decency, be a general election this summer."

Diamonds

THE introduction of American capital promises to restore the Brazilian diamond industry to the position it used to have before the South African fields were opened. Not only are Brazilian diamonds worth more on the average than the Cape stones, but they are found in loose river gravel instead of in solid rock far below the surface, as in South Africa. For years the natives have picked up a living by a crude sort of placer mining. Various methods were tried and the following is the method now used by the American miners. An arm of the river is led out close to the diamond-bearing gravel, and the washing is done by native workmen, each man working in a sort of tub. Gold-dust, as well as the free diamond stones, are found in the gravel. Most of the deposits are found along the Jequitinhonha River.

The first genuine artificial diamonds were made some years ago in the electric furnace by Moissan, a French chemist. They were of microscopic size, however, and hence of no commercial value. It has been found impossible up to date to manufacture such stones of a salable size.

It is now announced, however, that an imitation, or near-diamond, has been made in this same electric furnace, that is likely to prove a serious rival to the genuine stones. Instead of pure carbon, it consists of carborundum, a silicon carbide now widely used, because of its hardness, for grindstones and other abrasive purposes.

As hitherto appearing on the market, carborundum is a dark, dirty, gritty-looking substance, the grinding wheels made from it somewhat resembling emery in appearance, and, apparently, as far removed from the diamond as any other furnace slag. It is the hardest known substance next to the diamond, and has a high refractive index—as high as that of the diamond, it is said.

These two qualities led a member of the firm now manufacturing carborundum at Niagara Falls to experiment in removing the color from his product, it being obvious enough that a colorless carbide would be a very close imitation of the diamond in both brilliancy and hardness. This feat he has now succeeded in performing, says the "Scientific American."

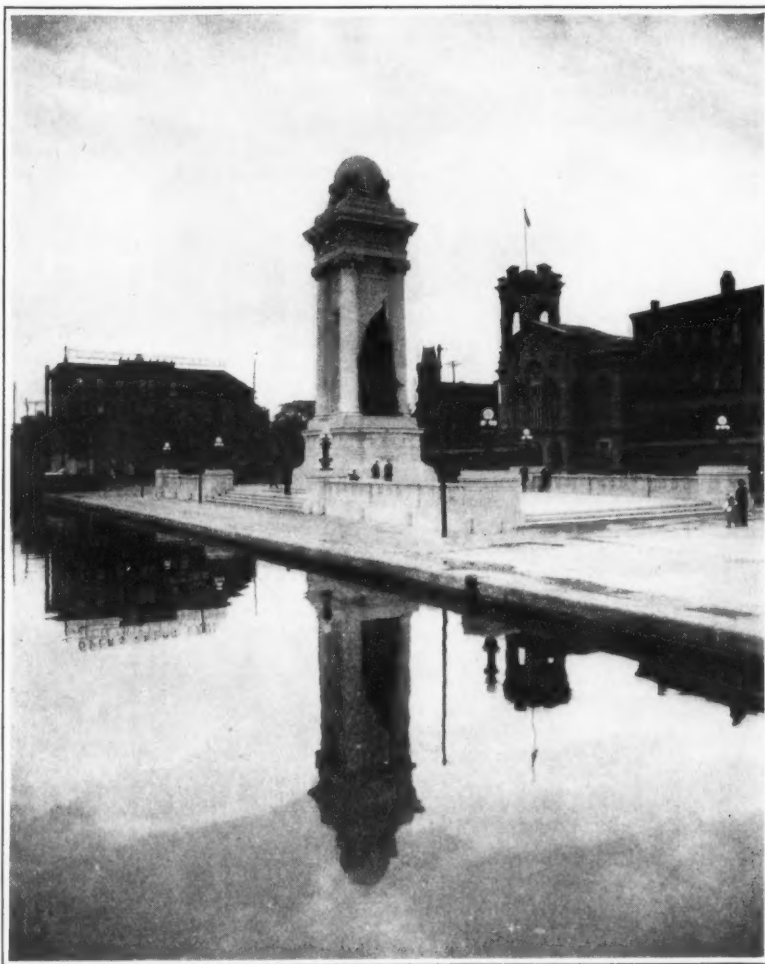
If the story is true a very serious rival of the diamond is likely to appear upon the market in the near future. There is no reason to doubt that the carborundum diamonds can be cut and worked, at least as easily as the genuine stones, and as there is no apparent limit to the size attainable, the famous natural diamonds of history, including the latest and greatest of the lot, the "Cullinan," weighing something over a pound, may soon be far surpassed.

A Brace of Conventions

THE Democratic State Convention of Ohio renominated Judson Harmon for Governor on June 22, and endorsed him for President. The resolution of the convention said: "We invite the attention of the nation to Judson Harmon and the work he is doing for Ohio. The nation needs a real man."

Governor Harmon is campaigning on the issue of "tariff taxes levied ostensibly for public revenue, but really for private profit."

The State Convention of the Republican Party in Pennsylvania, meeting on the same day, nominated John K. Tener for Governor, and endorsed Mr. Taft and his works. The convention believed that the tariff law is in accord with the Republican platform.



The Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument at Syracuse

Unveiled at the New York State encampment of the G. A. R., June 21. Vice-President Sherman addressed the 4,500 veterans and regular soldiers and sailors who marched to the ceremony. The monument was executed by Cyrus Dallin, of Boston, and cost \$100,000. A box which is set in the foundation contains the names of 12,265 men of Onondaga County who fought in the Civil War

are under way. They are dealing with the veto power of the Upper Chamber.

The "Nation" is worried by these conferences between the Government and its opponents. It believes the average Radical will say: "We are not going either to admit the absolute veto of the peers or to surrender the taxing powers of the House of Commons. Half our battle was won. We had got the Budget, but for the King's death we should have got the veto."

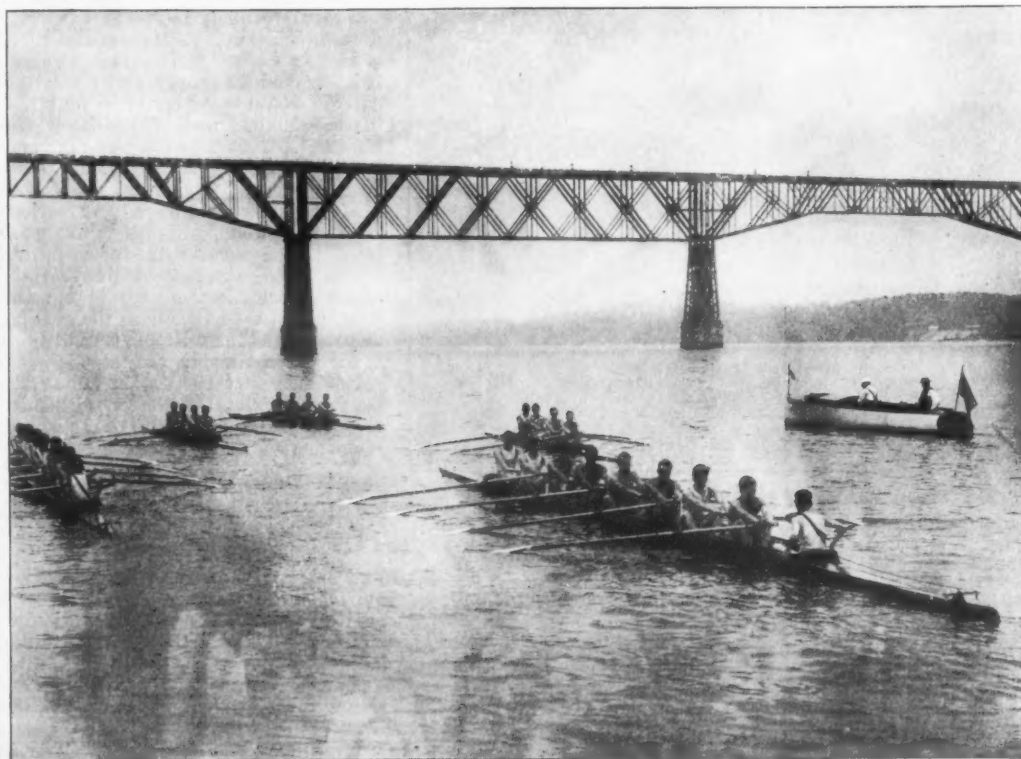
What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events



The finish of the four-oared race, with Cornell first, and Syracuse second, in the Sixteenth Annual Regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association on the Poughkeepsie-Highland Course, June 25



The Ithacans winning the freshman race. This event was a pretty struggle between Cornell and Columbia. The other entries, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin finished in the order named



The victorious Cornell crews—the Varsity eight and four, the freshman eight, two substitute fours, and Coach Courtney's launch. The Cornell Varsity defeated Pennsylvania, Columbia, Syracuse, and Wisconsin

Cornell Makes a Clean Sweep on the Hudson

Another Score from the White House

IN THE last gasp of Congress, when all the statesmen were hot and weary, Mr. Taft got some of his will done. The Postal Bank bill was accepted by the Senate on June 22. It was in the same form as the House bill, and means a definite victory for the President.

The Postmaster-General, the Attorney-General, and the Secretary of the Treasury, as trustees, will decide which post-offices will be authorized to receive deposits. Under the new law anybody over ten years of age will be able to open an account at one of the postal banks. No deposit of less than \$1 will be received, although the Postmaster is authorized to sell special ten cent stamps which later may be turned in after ten have been collected as a credit of \$1 on the depositor's account. No individual may deposit more than \$100 in any calendar month and no account shall exceed \$500.

The money accumulated in the postal savings banks is to be deposited in both National and State banks in the vicinity of the post-offices in which the money is deposited by the people, such banks to pay two per cent interest.

Five per cent of the total deposits is to be retained by the Secretary of the Treasury as a cash reserve. Not more than thirty per cent of these deposits may be withdrawn by the Government at any one time for investment in bonds of the United States, the remaining sixty-five per cent to remain on deposit in the banks. This sixty-five per cent may by direction of the President be invested in bonds or other Government securities when to his thinking "the general welfare and the interests of the United States so require."

Mr. Taft expresses himself as "elated" with the year's batch of legislation.

Up-to-Date Slavery

JAPANESE laborers in Peru now number about two thousand, most of whom were sent at the request of the Peruvian Government. They are working on sugar cane, coffee, and rubber plantations, receiving wage of 1.20 yen to 1.40 yen per day, besides being supplied with lodgings. As the result of these wages, they grow disheartened, and then desperate, and, according to the Japan "Times," they "sometimes even act in wanton ways to the great disgrace of our country." The paper goes on to say that, in view of these deplorable conditions, the Imperial Government will be obliged to take steps to stop Japanese emigration there, in spite of the earnest wish of the Peruvian Government.

"All emigration business is only the old slave trade in a new and legalized form, which makes up in deceit for what it lacks in the undisguised brutality of the old slave trade."

Pellagra Insect Borne

DR. SAMBOU, the well-known British expert on tropical diseases, seems finally to have solved the pellagra problem. Recent despatches from Italy, where he is working with the British Pellagra Commission, announce (1) the final disproof of the theory that spoiled corn is the cause of the disease, (2) that a small sand fly, *Simulium Reptans*, is the carrier of infection, and (3) apparently the isolation of a protozoal parasite the probable active cause of pellagra.

These discoveries are of very considerable importance to Italy, Egypt, the West Indies, Spain, and other countries of western Europe, where pellagra is a serious scourge. Within a year or two the widespread prevalence of the disease in the United States has been the cause of some anxiety among health officials.

Last year a couple of army surgeons were sent out to Peoria, Illinois, to investigate an outbreak in the State Hospital there. Their findings, published in January of the present year, threw some doubt on the spoiled corn theory, then generally held, but furnished nothing conclusive in support of a parasitic etiology. Later the United States Marine Hospital Service ordered one of its surgeons to Milan, Italy, to study the disease in its native haunts. Presumably, he is there now.

Pellagra is a disease with unusual and somewhat baffling symptoms. It is peculiarly a disease of the very poor, and flourishes particularly among the Italian peasants who live on "polenta," a corn-meal porridge. This fact obviously accounts for the popular explanation of its cause. An attack is often preceded by a so-called "sun-burning" of the face, hands, and other portions of the body; indigestion and intestinal disturbances are early symptoms; there is fever, a skin rash, lassitude, and weakness. The disease may last for years in a chronic form, with acute outbreaks in spring and fall. It not infrequently ends in lunacy and death. Drugs are of little permanent value in treating pellagra.

What the World Is Doing: A Record of Current Events

Some New Pygmies

A BRITISH exploring party, sent out by the Ornithologists' Union to explore the mountain regions in Dutch New Guinea, has discovered, instead of birds, a new tribe of human pygmies. These curious little folks, known to the anthropologist as negritos, appear to be more widely scattered over the earth's surface than was at first supposed. They are now known to exist in the Andaman Islands, the Malay Peninsula, and the Philippines.

The new New Guinea tribes are reported as about four feet three inches in height, perfectly formed—that is, not deformed dwarfs, but simply miniature human beings—with frizzly (or, to be ultra-scientific, ulotrichous) hair, in "peppercorn tufts," and the typical stove-black skin of the whole pygmy race. The nose is unusually broad. They are shy, but friendly and hospitable, after their confidence is won.

The pygmies everywhere appear to be nomadic, and, like all nomads, depend for their living chiefly upon hunting and fishing. Their weapons are poisoned arrows, which they shoot from bows and a primitive form of spring gun. The poison is obtained from the upas tree or some related plant.

It appears, according to A. C. Haddon, that previous travelers in New Guinea have noted indications of pygmy tribes in several regions—in the shape of occasional individuals of medium stature, presenting a mixture of negrito and papuan characteristics. "The English expedition has now discovered," writes Dr. Haddon, "a pygmy population in Netherlands' New Guinea, which, presumably, is allied to that inhabiting German New Guinea." Regarding the geographical distribution of pygmies, he quotes some interesting statements of Rascher regarding their existence in New Britain. They are said to live in clefts in the rocks, and to steal fruit from the neighboring gardens. "They are so tiny that one stands on the shoulders of another, and so on until they reach the fruit. The fruit is not thrown down, lest a noise would be made, but passed from hand to hand until it reaches the chief, who is on the ground."

Scott's Pole

THE *Terra Nova*, an old Dundee whaler built some twenty-six years ago, and recently refitted and remodeled for another adventure into the Antarctic, left Cardiff on June 15 for New Zealand, carrying the last and best-equipped of British South Polar expeditions. It is expected that she will reach New Zealand about the middle of October. There she will take aboard some Siberian ponies and dogs, and her captain—Scott, R. N.—who has set out with the avowed intention of duplicating in the South Commander Peary's conquest of the other end of our axis.

Captain Scott has already made one successful Antarctic expedition, which opened the way for Sir Ernest Shackleton's record-breaking performance, when the latter pushed to within about one hundred miles of the South Pole. Shackleton was a member of the first Scott expedition, and nearly lost his life in a journey over the surface of the great ice barrier, being forced to turn back and finally return to civilization because of a breakdown in health.

The *Terra Nova* carries sixty people in all, and stores for three years. It is expected that she will reach McMurdo Sound, where the winter quarters of the two previous British expeditions have been located, about the end of December. Advance scouting parties will be immediately sent out to lay stores along the route of the final "dash." The ship will then proceed to the eastward to explore King Edward VII Land, and later, if the coal holds out, cruise among the Balleny Islands. If everything goes well she will return to New Zealand about the 1st of April, 1911.

During the succeeding southern winter preparations for the final attack upon the Pole will be continued at the winter quarters. This will probably be commenced some time in October, 1911, and if Captain Scott is to bag his game, the capture will in all probability be made some time close to the end of the year 1911. The present expedition seems to have everything in its favor, and, barring unexpected weather conditions, there is reason to expect its success. There is one thing reasonably certain, if Captain Scott fails, the South Pole is likely to remain terra incognita until the airship is acclimated in Arctic regions.

The good wishes of the entire world go with Captain Scott's little party. When he comes back with the last polar scalp at his belt, Great Britain will give us an object-lesson in how to treat successful explorers, which, judging from Peary's experience, we very much need.

July 9



Commemorating the Oregon Trail

The ceremonies at the erection of the tablet by the Nebraska Historical Society in honor of the expedition to Astoria, organized on June 23, 1810, by John Jacob Astor's American Fur Company. At the left stands John L. Webster, President of the Society, and next him, Governor Shallenberger, of Nebraska



The Danger of the Aeroplane in War

Charles K. Hamilton flying over the United States Military Encampment in Cumberland Park, Nashville, showing the ease with which explosives could be dropped upon an enemy. Hamilton made several sensational flights during the week of June 26, in one of which he glided from a height of 800 feet to the ground



The First Machine Gun Corps at practise



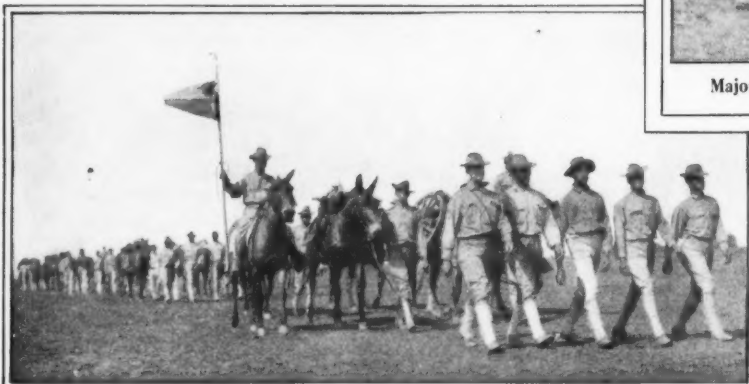
Loading the guns upon the pack-mules



Major Collazo



Putting a field gun into action



A mountain battery on the march



The field artillery corps ready to move



Lieutenant Rousseau and Captain Morales



The Infantry Band on parade



Lieutenant Canezars and Lieutenant Hernandez

The Swift Development of the Cuban Army

UNDER the supervision of three officers of the United States Army, —Captains Philip S. Golderman, Frank Parker, and George C. Gatley, of the Coast Artillery, Cavalry, and Field Artillery branches—the Cuban Army is making remarkable progress. The photographs on this page indicate the business-like precision of their Field Artillery service; and the army is equally thorough in every other department. Captain Golderman reports that the Cuban officers are decidedly eager to improve their knowledge and efficiency; that "they are conspicuously keen in their grasp of the most abstruse mathematical problems which arise in connection with range finding, and are extremely apt in their application of figures." The Cuban Government, which, with its inexperience, has had to meet a complex situation, is materially strengthened by the competence of its forces

The New Independence

By JONATHAN BOURNE, Jr., United States Senator from Oregon

IN CONSIDERING the development of popular sovereignty in government it is instructive to cite briefly some of the various great instruments thereof that stand out like guide posts on the highway of human progress, ever pointing to "One God, one law, one element, one far off divine event, toward which the whole creation moves."

At Runnymede, in 1215, King John was forced by arms to grant to his barons the Magna Charta which became the basis of the British constitution and Anglo-Saxon liberty, and was finally, after repeated renewals by succeeding kings and after more than four hundred years, sealed with the blood of Charles I, in 1649.

In 1776, at Philadelphia, the Declaration of American Independence became the second guide post on the highway of man's march to the far off divine eventuality of government of the people, by the people, and for the people, and our Revolutionary sires sealed their declaration with their blood.

Retribution as well as compensation is a law effect. So sure as a stream is dammed up and the dam breaks there will be a flood. For more than two hundred years in France preceding the reign of Louis Capet the stream of human rights was dammed up. One day there came a vent, the vent of Rousseauism, and it was named a "Declaration of the Rights of Man." Then the vent became a rent and the rent a break. The resultant flood's resistless sweep carried itself and all in its path to chaos. The blood of a royal house and of a reckless nobility sealed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and for the second time in the march to freedom, by an object lesson. Kings were taught true sovereignty—the sovereignty of the people.

January 1, 1863, Abraham Lincoln promulgated the emancipation proclamation—a proclamation of freedom for the black man from personal slavery, the principles back of which were that no man in the United States should be deprived of the fruits of his toil without due compensation, or deprived of his personal liberty except for crime legally ascertained. Fundamentally, popular sovereignty was the essence of the thing sought in that proclamation, which proclamation was a denial of the vested rights of one man in the body of another as property—the denial of the rights and the power of a slave-holding oligarchy to turn aside the march of progress for popular sovereignty and substitute for it a class democracy. It is pointed out that this proclamation was an incident of the fundamentals involved, and was essentially as much a decree for industrial as for personal freedom, and in its last analysis was wholly for the sovereignty of citizenship. Incidentally, the union of the States and the integrity of the Constitution were at stake in the war that had been precipitated by the South and was in progress for the extension and perpetuation of the supremacy of a slave-holding industrial usurpation of the police power of the nation. But the fundamental issue was never clearly joined until Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, and no decisive battle could or did take place until the true issue was thus joined. The decisive battle of that conflict for popular sovereignty in America, and, incidentally, the world, was fought as soon after that proclamation as Destiny could set the stage for it. The culmination of the great tragedy came at the little town of Gettysburg in Pennsylvania in the opening days of July, 1863, and without any overruling human design. Thousands of Americans there in three days sealed the Proclamation of Emancipation with their blood, and the great Liberator four months later, November 19, standing upon that field, breathed into the Republican Party its living soul, and proclaimed its mission as the party of the people to the world in these memorable words:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate, we can not consecrate, we can not hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

These two great documents taken together constitute our second Declaration of Independence, and set up the latest milestone in our movement toward that "far off divine event."

Let us turn next to the first amendment to the Constitution forbidding the enactment of any law respecting an establishment of religion—the first count in our national bill of rights. It accomplished and marked the most important forward step ever taken by man on his march of progress up to the time of its adoption. Its full significance is scarcely realized until considered in its bearing upon the whole fabric of society, which moves under the three predominating forces, each differentiated, but nevertheless perfectly demarked and discernible in its legitimate sphere of action. It is sufficient to point out that police power in the nature of the conditions of human life must be the major or controlling force in organized society, and that the sole excuse for its existence at all is to maintain exactly equitable relations between the individual units of society. It is and must be the final arbiter of public and private morals, and is the only instrumentality by which numbers of men grouped in nations or communities may formulate general rules of action and enforce their observance, without substituting either a religious or industrial despotism. This first amendment to our national Constitution was the fruitage of the so-called infidelity of Locke, Hume, Rousseau, Paine, and Jefferson. In the name of religion, priesthood, and church, orthodox or heterodox, everywhere in Christendom had been in the saddle from the time of the early Christian fathers to the very hour of the adoption of this provision in our great charter. With its adoption, however, came the emancipation of the State and also the true emancipation of religion, for religion is a condition of mind peculiar to each individual, and must needs be free in order that it may go forward upon the lines of its destiny in its development of the soul sense in man. It was a most glorious achievement and half fulfilled the promise of the Declaration of Independence. It was the emancipation of the State and the individual from the thralldom of priesthood. The police power of society—the State—was then in very truth supreme in the United States.

But search through our great charter of national Government for any adequate restraint upon the usurpation of police power by the industrial force of society, and the search is vain. Since the dethronement of the industrialism of chattel slavery by the war, it is again in the saddle in another form, and in consequence there is to-day impending a great conflict in America, as elsewhere, between the two factions, or differentiations, of this force, capital and labor, in which popular sovereignty is again to be tried out. Like the ivy covering a great tree, plutocracy is choking the very life out of our boasted constitutional Government. It could not be otherwise. It is a perfectly logical sequence of every system of government, the construction of which permits of the usurpation by direct or indirect means of the functions of police power by the organized forces of either religion or industry. The organized forces of religion are effectively and forever excluded by the first amendment to our Constitution from acquiring police power. But the impending struggle in America sufficiently attests the usurpation of police power by capital, and if permitted to proceed on its present lines, can end in but one of two results—in the establishment of a plutocratic despotism, or in the triumph of socialism, with the chances decidedly in favor of the former. In our Hamiltonian constitution unamended, undisturbed, there is no escape, because its "admirable system of checks and balances" has entrenched the usurper, as it was intended to entrench the Government, almost beyond the reach of the electorate, as attested by the impotency of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the impotency of the courts, and of an impotent but willing executive to reach in any lawful manner the malefactors of great wealth, or to secure from Congress adequate legislation to dethrone the Interests. The people know the truth of the situation as certainly as the Interests know it through their counsel, and instinctively the people know the escape from an established plutocratic tyranny on the one hand, or from that of socialism on the other, lies in reclaiming to themselves direct control over the police powers of the nation.

After a hundred years Jefferson's victory over Hamilton in the framing of the Federal Constitution is found to be in the conservation of popular sovereignty in the several States of the Union through the suffrage and the inherent power therein to break down and remove, by initiative and referendum amendments to State Constitutions, the intermediate barriers between the electorate and a remote and almost irresponsible representative body of legislators through whom chiefly the usurpation of plutocracy is made effective.

(Concluded on page 25)



An impossible precipice frequently confronts a party at the end of a hard day's climb



The great defiles of hard-crusted snow are often as difficult to cross as a field of broken rocks



After a stiff bit of the ascent is finished, or a dangerous pass crossed over, an "invoice" of the party is usually made



On the sloping fields of ice the footing is precarious, and it is here that the life-line is often necessary



The sun reaches the climbers on the top of the world a long while before day has begun in the valley below



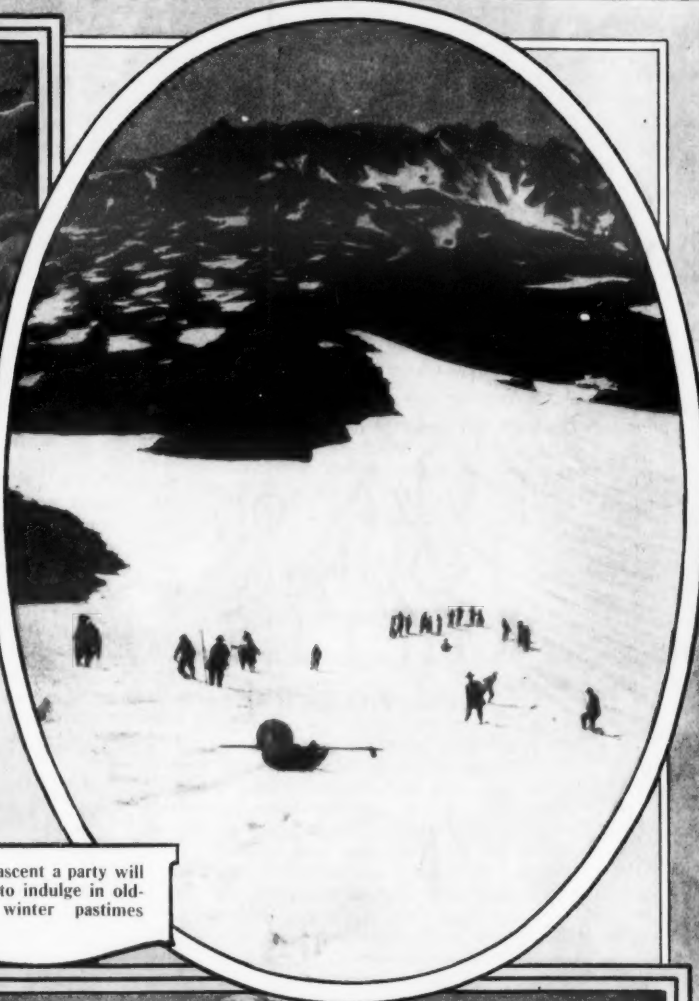
The real work of mountain climbing starts in where the timber line meets the snow fields and the glaciers

Mountain Climbing in America

The "Seeing America First" movement has in a large measure been responsible for the growing popularity of American mountain climbing. The Sierra Club, the Canadian Mountain Climbing Club, and the Cascade Clubs are, through their expeditions, attracting wider attention each year. Those who heretofore have sought the Andes for this exhilarating sport and recreation now turn to the rocky backbone of the North American continent for their sport in scaling mountain heights. For some years Alpine guides were imported to superintend these expeditions, but the growing interest in American mountain climbing has produced many American guides, who are claimed to be more expert and more scientific in their calculations and campaigns than the European guide. Rules more or less rigid govern all of these climbing expeditions. Luggage other than wearing apparel is usually limited to five pounds per person. The most concentrated foods are used, and the only delicacies that are taken up into the snow line usually consist of cheese and milk chocolate. To scale any of the prominent peaks requires a trip of never less than three days, and usually twice that number. When an expedition goes into night camp each member is



Scaling the fissures and crevices of sliding snow fields is an exhilarating sport, but sufficiently dangerous



During an ascent a party will often stop to indulge in old-fashioned winter pastimes



Crossing the backbone of a glacier may sometimes become a picturesque and easy portion of the ascent

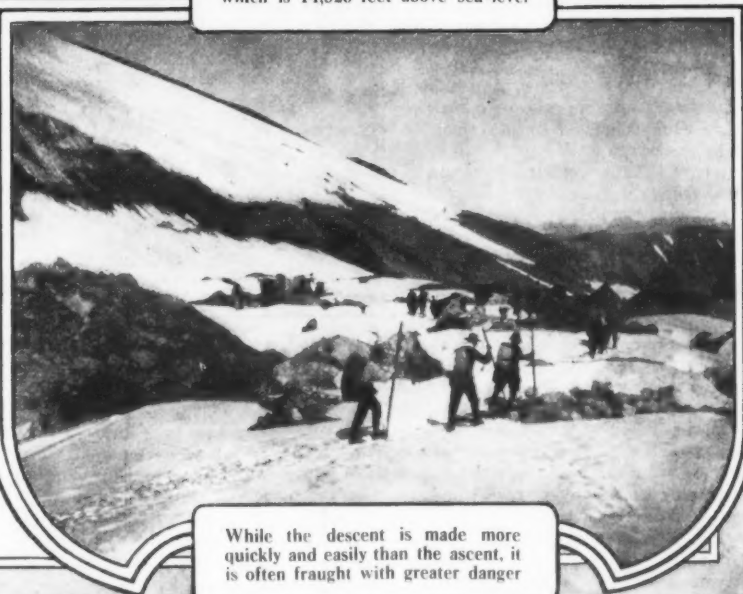


Facing the last and hardest day's work in scaling the summit of Mount Tacoma, which is 14,526 feet above sea-level



Even the most expert mountaineers find the climb in many places laborious, and their progress is consequently slow

usually called upon to contribute some stunt or amusement for the edification of the party. Compact musical instruments, such as the flute and fife, are usually tucked away in the blouses of those who can perform upon them, and those who do not contribute instrumentally are expected to sing, dance a jig, or tell a story. During the ascent stops are often made to indulge in the sport of sliding down to the snow-covered slopes or engaging in snow fights or other sports common to a New Hampshire boy in winter. The ascent of one of the highest peaks of the Sierras, the Cascades, or the Selkirks of Canada often requires a party to travel fifty miles or more through rough timber land, over glaciers and great fields of ice and snow, with their dangerous fissures and crevices, and the slow scaling of steep and dangerous slopes of loose, broken rock. Though the American mountain climber is usually a little more cautious than the average Alpine climber, and though the mountains are not always as difficult as those of the little republic of Europe, the American mountain climbing clubs are not without their tragedies. The careless step, in a dangerous place, of a climber has often caused the retreat of a merry climbing party and brought them to the foot of the great sentinel they tried to scale with the pathetic and heartrending story of a disaster. It is this element of risk and danger that, with many, stimulates the romance of these adventures



While the descent is made more quickly and easily than the ascent, it is often fraught with greater danger



Below are printed some vacation experiences selected from a thousand competing manuscripts submitted between July and October last year. Out of this number a surprising proportion were interesting. Many were well written that dealt with commonplace vacations, and to fifty or more whose manuscripts were sent back, the judges wrote: "We are returning this with regret. We wish it were possible to use this and many others that pleased us." See the "Editorial Bulletin" on page 5 for details of another prize offer

SEVEN on FOUR WHEELS

By Frederic Brush

THERE were two unusual women, three ordinary children, and a big cartilaginous boy. Also at times a man and a dog. The dog was called Dan; but an "m" got into his name on the first mile, and stayed. He will not go again. The women don't know this; but what a woman don't know is her chief pleasure.

We had done the American vacation—all, from twenty days of chair-shunting on a half-acre veranda to ten miles from the place we were last lost, with three crimps of bacon and the hope that hangs in a half angleworm between us and a hollow night. We had rented, raved at sunsets, bought, built, and sold at a sacrifice—pedaled, splashed, gasolined, and Westoned. Which brought us down to an early August night behind the netting, with every proposition meeting one black ball and six silences.

Next afternoon, up in the old home town, with business done, I saw from the hotel porch the dim blue hump of a mountain, the wink of a far lake, and five yellow roads curving away.

Pratt Allen unhitched his job-horse Geezer from a delivery wagon and turned him into the pasture for the season. Geezer rolled over twice uphill, and Pratt grinned. "No glue there for five years yet," he chuckled; "what's the matter? You look like a man that come through here once with a set of principles."

"I have an idea—lodged," I said. "Come over here."

An hour later it was all arranged, and the folks knew by 'phone that their vacation had begun.

They were up on the early morning train, bringing femininely near what had been suggested, except for that Dan dog. Curiosity had brought them; they were creepy with it.

"Mandolin, the small rifle, three finger bandages, an alcohol stove, and no watches, and no mail to be sent—what's the meaning of it?"

"I can't say."

"Where are we going?"

"I don't know."

"Is—is something going wrong in your head?"

"Always; I'm a married man and a Democrat. Get in—the rear seat. Rather couchy, eh? I built it over. Let the children rattle on the bottom; they'll find their places, and develop the muscular sense. This is Geezer, anteriorly—giddap!" and we were off on a wagon trip of indeterminate direction, sanity, and time.

At the town square I wound the reins on the whipstock and Geezer chose the easiest downward way into a broad valley, where the roadside growth crowded up with carboniferous rankness and exhalation. Within two miles the women were exclaiming mildly at this and that, in soft-eyed forgetfulness of city fret, Bert and the dog were trying to dig out a woodchuck, and the children, crossing in front and rear among the wild flowers, were fetching wreaths and five kinds of ripe berries to our slow-moving shrine—and I knew that we were on the right road.

Where a child first said, "I'm hungry," we turned aside and ate, with never a look at sun, or memory

of urgent bell-clang. Where Geezer sagged off to graze under a red maple at the crest of a long hill, we made our first night camp. The only watch ran down and went to the duffle bag. Very essence of vacation was to be getting nowhere at no special time. Going to sleep with the full dark, we woke with singular unanimity to the first sun ray. "Near to nature" was taking on some of the meaning of its first fine usage, and a narrow stretch of earth was opening true before us.

Our progress seemed not to disturb the environment. Walking is the human gait after all. For evolutionary ages all the senses, even thought, have adapted to its pace. The train gives a whirled view and a longing, the auto threads surprises upon one like a string of fragile beads; only the old Adamie gait encourages Truth's three stages to fixation on the inner walls—surprise, study, and final word-framing.

Ours was a walking trip without the hardships—the ten days' toughening-in, and the stress of the mighty goal-seeking. Half the company usually moved afoot, often far in front or rear, adventuring, fishing, collecting, cooling at hot midday in some bush-screened pool, and coming together at signal call with tale and various treasure round the evening fire.

Night simply found us where we were. Our camp almost pitched itself, and rolled easily on next day or hour to new scenes. We took one mattress, the



The "seven on four wheels" choose carefully a spot to camp at hot midday

seat cushions made another, and the wagon floor became a broad spring bed. Spruce or hemlock and a small shelter tent did for the rest.

Three rain-days caught us, but they stay in the memory as among the best—days of test, and the pleasures of triumph with primitive arms, bark-patching the leaks in the wagon-top, and building a bough-thatched home that might have served till snowily.

We moved amiably through a varying country, of farm and quarry and lumber camp and whittling

(Concluded on page 25)

A COUNTRY WOMAN'S VACATION

By Mrs. J. R. King

YOU city folk overemphasize the outdoor vacation, the one that gives the physical uplift and the hired-man appetite. Personally, I know a better way to renew my soul—mark you, *my* soul, not yours! For twelve years I have lived out on the edge of civilization, a pioneer, in the open, practically. At forty I am bronzed, muscular, swift-footed, scarcely knowing what sickness or body fag means. I have camped in the Yellowstone Park and in the Jackson's Hole country. I have trout-fished in the Bitter Root Mountains. I have gone gunning on the Snake River lava beds. I have camped in the high Sierras, up in the tall pines at the very ends of the trails. Day in, day out, I have the purple mountains couchant ever before my door and wholesome country fare is always mine. It is not to be wondered at that I wouldn't give a cent a dozen for the loveliest, laziest, loneliest hunting-fishing-camping experience in all your Contest budget. I am having those things all the time. What I need is an "intermission in the daily routine." I need to go to a city and see People—People—People!

Last year I took my five-year-old boy and went down to Sacramento for my vacation. It was the first time in years that I had been separated from my family overnight. A round trip ticket cost \$2.50; a clean "cell" in a respectable lodging-house at 50 cents daily for five days absorbed another \$2.50. A dollar a day bought our simple meals at a European café, so that our actual necessary expense for the trip was only \$10.

The contrast of city and country living afforded me much self-congratulation. The boy and I ate a few—a very few—berries at ten cents a spoonful. We had a lot of fun calculating how much it must cost city millionaires to eat berries and clotted cream like we have two-thirds of the year without money.

Of course, I got many ideas about dresses and fashions. How to make Dot's dress, for instance! And how to make Al a cunning little suit out of my old-fashioned brown skirt. Yes, and I went shopping. I set aside five dollars for a regular shopping debauch. I bought the girls some trinkets and apron gingham, and for my husband a bottle of Tabasco sauce and a bit of fine cheese. I treated myself to some red spotted calico for a shirt-waist like I've wanted for years. I did enjoy just looking at the rolls of lovely fabrics on the store shelves, but, of course, I didn't have the tired clerks get them down and tumble them over for closer inspection when I had no intention of buying. A teachers' association was in session that week, and, as a "parent," I attended the lectures and entertainments. I learned enough about methods and management to make myself a terrorizing visitation to the next four or five generations of teachers in our district. The lectures rooted one idea firmly in my mind, namely, to start a movement in our district for the beautification of our school-yard. To that end I have grown from seed some eucalyptus trees to plant there this winter. (Concluded on page 25)

THE HEART of a WATERFALL

By Gertrude Morrison

"LET'S go to Vernal Falls this morning," suggested my camp mate, Telurah, who, in the animal world, would have made a nice, motherly clucking hen. "And let's invite Mr. Welles," she added slyly, nodding in the direction of a fellow traveler who was lounging in a hammock, not too near; and—consummate tact—not too far.

Leaving the woods, we walked for some time up a trail whose increasing elevation filled the narrow cañon of the Merced with tree-tops instead of trunks. The river grew more foamy and clamorous, until we stood on the bridge and watched the whole stream, one hundred feet wide, by a drop of four times that length make the square-cut, perpendicular sheet of Vernal Falls, then come rushing toward us, boiling, whirling, frantic in its endeavor to comminute the rocks that strewed its basin.

"My!" said Mr. Welles, who is a "Tech." man from Boston, "just think of the power there."

"But you would not convert a Niagara Falls into dynamo?" I protested.

"No! Nor the Common into building lots."

Vernal Falls, for sheer beauty, is the gem of the Yosemite, largely because it is not dwarfed by its setting. Owing to the profusion of shrubbery choking the cañon, one approaches the falls through pleasantly irregular, ascending walls of green, the gray of the cliffs overhanging, the Liberty Cap looming picturesque in the distance, and, in perspective, a vista of heaped-up cloud, brilliant in juxtaposition with the deep blue of the sky. Sitting down on the bridge, we broke off splinters of wood to throw into the roaring water, while Mr. Welles timed them and helped us to make a rough estimate of the rapidity and force of the current.

A sun increasingly hot sent us on up the trail, in the shadow of the cliffs. On the pleasant hush of the valley our gay echoing laughs sank to the insignificance of the chirp and twitter of little birds. Foolish little birds were we, flirting and fluttering in the cool morning spray, with no thought of a past or a to-morrow; nothing in all the world but sunshine, and exhilaration, and beauty eternal. The spray of Nevada Falls, still higher, stung our faces; its noise drowned our shouts. The ground was muddy, the stones slippery; the mist silvered every leaf and blade, hung dripping from our clothes. We faced about only when the spray was a rain through which the foliage was a misty blue-green. Yet each says that he did not suggest that we turn back. The getting down was easy; you slipped, you slid, you stepped on mossy, treacherous rocks only to gyrate like a whirling dervish. Once I heard Telurah, in a practical, motherly way, directing Mr. Welles to roll up his trousers. Arrived at the bridge, we gazed ruefully at our scratched hands and water-logged clothes. Telurah, looking like a bedraggled chicken, scuttled back to camp, not heeding Mr. Welles' suggestion that one of the large rocks strewn around us would be a sunny place in which to dry off. Bits of broken stone strewn around reminded me of the days when twin-brother and I "played house" in a fence corner and set up for "dishes" fragments of rubbish. I found another use for rocks this time.

My Panama hat was fast demoralizing into a pulpy mass. Diligently I proceeded to pound and press it into shape as it dried. Who knows? No doubt, in the days when the Digger tribe were more than the present squat handful, an Indian woman sunned herself on that very rock and, with much the same motions, pestled the noonday meal in her basket. So charmed was I in visioning her copper swartheness that I had quite forgotten my companion. Aware of a long silence, I looked around to see what never Indian squaw beheld; for beside me sat the man busily absorbed in running thumb and finger along the crease in his trousers. I pounded gently and watched. It was fascinating to follow those slim, white fingers as they slid along. The silence aroused him to a discovery of me sitting, chin in hand, intently watching. "Going to save them?" I asked sympathetically.

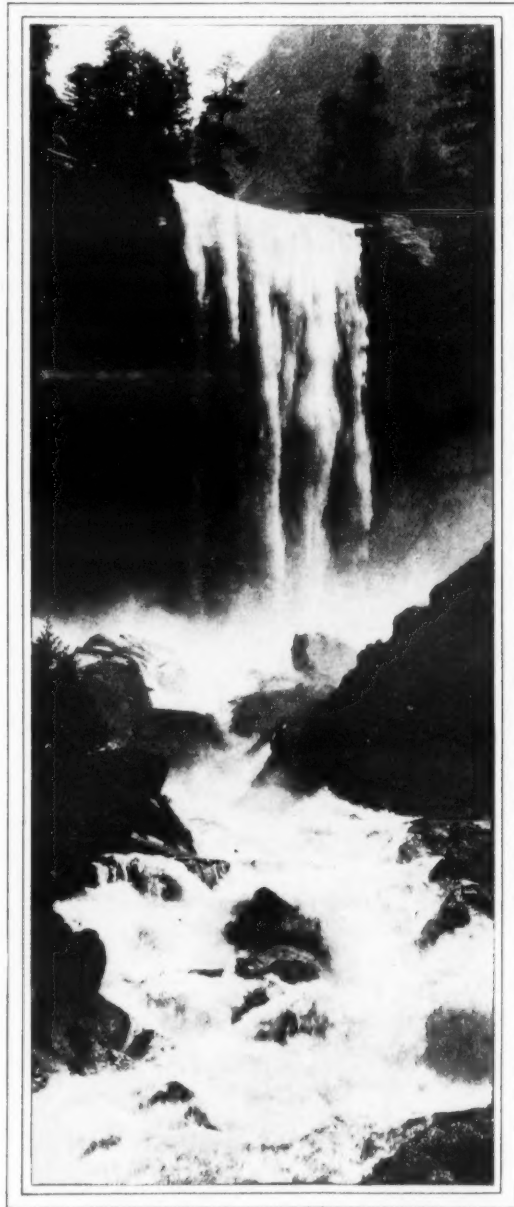
He laughed in embarrassed fashion and said: "Well, this is the only way to try. I can't get new ones put in until I find a tailor outside the valley; and I expect to stay here a few days."

I planned to go back to the bridge alone some day; partly to watch the water rush from under it; partly because it would be a good place to think. . . .

My last afternoon in the valley I went back to Vernal Falls. For a long time I sat on the bridge watching the mist fly up from the falls. The water, the sheer beautiful water, fascinated me with its dull, tumbling roar; enticed into an escape from

thoughts which knocked for admittance. Twisting myself among the timbers of the bridge in such fashion as to render impossible a quick jump, I concentrated my mind on a mood to which that leap must at last seem inevitable. The waters were to be a Nirvana in physical terms, a Lethe of self-forgetfulness; and in uniting myself with them I was to be welcomed into a mythical freedom as alluring as it was delusive. It is improbable that I could have succeeded. Yet as I hung over the caldron below me, the trees around passed into a green blur; the solitude ceased to speak. Vibrating first in sympathy with the trembling of the bridge, more and more the thrall of the torrent passed over me, until its thunderous swirl penetrated, permeated the torpor of my brain, and in my veins bounded the race of the flood. A curious lightness of limb, as of the loss of an enveloping shackle, emphasized the impulse to join the full-swinging, glorious tide. But chained! you understand. A subtle sense of security lay in the dormant consciousness of a bequest from Scotch Presbyterian ancestors; a strain rigorous and canny, succumbing to no mounting luxuriance of imagination, no tropical sensuousness. Yet a mad, merry moment in which to test to the utmost that heritage! To wrest from the heart of a waterfall that secret of Motion, Power, which it may not divulge!

"Wa—al, Miss Bradford, y'ain't sayin' much. Havin' a good time?" There was my friend the guide, the usual dusty cavalcade following in the rear. "Set right still a spell," he admonished, "these animals are scarey of anything that ain't scenery."



Vernal Falls in Yosemite Valley

Long after the soft patter of the mules' feet had died away I did "set right still," fighting, in advance, the "call of the West." Well I knew that, as a fitful gust of wind, it would come to me again and again, stealthily stealing over mountain and prairie, flower-laden, whispering of a land where there is room to grow and air to breathe; or the shriek and rumble of a West-bound train would entangle my thoughts in wheels flying to a soil and a people elementally rich. And I, sick with "the go-fever" which is more real than many doctors' diseases, would press my face against the pane and watch the setting sun.

VACATION in PRAIRIE MAMON

By Mrs F. S. Mouton

WORN out with the noise and heat of the city of New Orleans, cooped up in the half of a double house where the south wind was walled out by the side rented to another family, I was tired of the fight against poverty and ill-health. I no longer had courage to care for my husband and two little ones. Their daily needs seemed a burden too great for my frail body to bear. Only to get away somewhere, somehow, was the cry of my soul.

One day Tom said: "Let us write to my sister Mary." I wrote, and it is a new woman who pens you this description of her vacation.

I traveled on the Southern Pacific Railroad to Eunice. Here a spring-wagon, called a charabanc, met me and the little ones. Oh! that long ride through the white roads bordered on each side by fragrant heather. On and on we trundled until every bone in my body ached with an individual pain.

Our driver, an aged Creole man named Francois, spoke English brokenly, but he looked kindly at me and the children, and in answer to my frequent inquiries of how far we still had to go, he would wave his hand toward the blue distance and reply: "Only a little more far—aux Large, madam."

Past prairie islands, where the houses nestle in groves of chinaberry trees, the little brown Creole children, playing in the dust of the road, hailed our driver with childish curiosity and asked in their soft French patois: "Ou tou vais, Francois?" Invariably he answered them with a wave of the hand toward the north: "Aux Large mes enfants."

At last, after a drive of fifteen miles, we arrived at the ranch. As I entered the yard and saw the large, old-fashioned adobe house, a feeling of peace filled my heart. The long galleries were covered with grape-vines, the yard was filled with roses and crape myrtle. Jack and Annie clapped their hands and asked: "Is this Aunt Mary's home?"

At once she came to greet us, this dear sister of Tom's. Her kind gray eyes looked into mine with tenderest welcome. "Make yourself at home, Nellie," she said. "Everything in sight is yours to use and have during your stay. You must not worry about anything, now that you are with me." She took my babies to her heart and mothered them, kissing their tired little faces, and telling them of wonderful things to be seen on the morrow.

We soon got acquainted with Aunt Mary's sons and daughters. The two girls took Jack and Annie to see the animals, and oh! the strange sights they saw—baby cows and little pigs and chickens. Jack, who has an inventive mind, was found planting feathers in the front yard. Bob, Mary's eldest son, came along and asked him what he was doing. "I am going to raise chickens," said Jack; "look at all my seed," pointing to the row of feathers.

Oh, the fun they had with those children! Jack rode on the horse's back, while Bob plowed, and Annie followed Aunt Mary around all day. We went fishing and riding and visited the neighbors. I went five miles to the office to get Tom's letters.

During the ensuing days of rest and plenty I began to think of Tom and to look at life with different eyes. The thought of my kind husband, working back there in the great hot city, filled my heart with pain. I could see him going every morning at six with his dinner-pail in his hand, coming back at night to a lonely, desolate home. I knew at night he was coming home back there in the city, with his blond face black from the soot and oil of the machine shop. Oh! to have him out here on the prairie, where he could breathe the ozone from the Gulf, to feel his hand in mine while we listened to the mocking-bird singing his vesper hymn. I thought of how he could sleep late in the morning, with never a whistle nor a bell to call him to work.

At last I could stand the heart-hunger no longer, and told dear Mary we must write for Tom. I wrote him not to worry about the job; its loss would be our gain. Three days afterward Tom came; he hardly knew us we were so rosy and well. I told him that he could get land cheaply in this beautiful country of aux Large; that he would be free from the grind of the city. So we drew our reserve fund from the bank and invested it in twenty-five acres of Mamon prairie. We planted our prairie island of chinaberry, oak, and fig trees. Our house has an adobe chimney, and the yard is filled with flowers. The children have grown strong and healthy, and Tom comes at nightfall whistling, while his plow-mules beat time to the tune by flapping their foolish old ears. My vacation has not ended. I am still spending it at aux Large.

THE RESCUE

By C.H. Sholes

WE ARE a club of mountaineers, and when vacation comes, in a party of fifty or more men and women in picturesque outing costume, we follow the pack-train into the wilds, pitching our tents high upon the mountain slope, often within a half-hour walk of the glaciers, where the boom of the avalanche frequently mingles with the evening camp-fire song. The desire to tramp, to explore, to climb the heights, soon possesses every one, and it is a foregone conclusion that before two weeks pass things will happen which stir the blood and thrill the heart. Amid such grandeurs each day is an epic; any hour may bring adventure or incident which makes Homeric heroes.

On the present occasion I had no sooner arrived, two days late, than I found the camp in suspense over the departure the evening before of six of our members on an all-night tramp to rescue a man whose leg had been broken on the mountain. Three men, strangers to our party, inexperienced in mountaineering, had made a successful ascent; but while descending, about midday, a small stone, dislodged by melting ice from a ledge near the summit, against which experienced climbers would have guarded, shot down upon them unawares, with dire results. His comrades took the injured man to shelter at timber-line, bandaged his leg and made him as comfortable as possible, whereupon one of them made a desperate dash half round the mountain to our camp, arriving at 7.30. A rescue party of six was immediately organized. The messenger being too exhausted to return, a local guide was found who was familiar with the mountain. At eight o'clock they began their toilsome quest. Traveling all night, half-encircling the mountain, they reached the patient about daylight. What to do was the vital question.

To carry a helpless man weighing 170 pounds on an improvised stretcher over mountain miles is a herculean task. Between them and the nearest habitation on that side was fifteen miles of seldom traveled forest trail, and if they could find that settler's cabin, and a conveyance, it was still thirty miles to the nearest town where surgical aid could be had.

In our camp were surgeons and a trained nurse; but between them and us the mountain reared its snowy summit 10,500 feet; while at timber-line its huge bulk interposed a semicircle of twelve miles, intersected by numerous ridges, cañons, and turbulent glacier streams. Seemingly insuperable obstacles barred the two latter ways, but in the enthusiasm of a great deed they saw only the uncertainty of the first, and determined for the sufferer's welfare to carry him over the mountain to our camp. An incredible feat, and I would not be surprised if accused of writing fiction, for in comparison with severest mountaineering, the self-imposed task performed by those six men rises to heroic proportions.

Not to dwell upon their body-racking ascent, at four in the afternoon they gained the summit. How they did it God only knows; but when they came quietly into camp, sixteen hours later, there wasn't one of us but felt cubits added to his stature by the mere presence of those heroic figures.

After a brief rest on the summit, a work of greater peril, though of less physical exertion, confronted them in lowering the patient down the dangerously steep snow on the north side, where broad and deep crevasses yawned. Weariness and anxiety increased the difficulty and danger fourfold, and it was decided that the guide should go for additional aid, while the rescuers continued the descent to meet the relief party as far down as possible, besides crossing the snow before approaching night changed it to an impassable ice-field.

After indicating the route they should follow, the guide skilfully glissaded down the steep snow and was soon lost to view. We can see the others, with a helpless human life in their keeping, committing themselves to that steep, three-mile snow-field, but little softened by the sun's heat, knowing that a misstep, a slip of the rope that held the stretcher, or misplaced confidence in an alpenstock incautiously planted upon a runlet of ice, would start an accident from which they could only escape alive by the voluntary sacrifice of him they were trying to save.

And what were the patient's feelings? We can only imagine, for never a word of fear passed his lips, never by a hint did he betray agitation.

At six o'clock the guide reached camp. In half an hour our relief party was on its way. At nine o'clock we were almost at snow-line, searching the mountainside for the now lost rescuers. The moon withdrew behind the mountain and darkness came. For an hour we wandered over barren or heather-

covered moraines, up and down cañon brinks whose dark depths we could not penetrate, and whose precipitous walls we could not descend at will, repeatedly sending our unavailing shouts across bleak wind-swept spaces.

When at last we located them by their signal fire, they were a mile from the only practicable route to the lower levels. They had struggled along until nightfall found them in a maze of cañons from which, in their exhausted condition, they were unable to extricate themselves. We relieved their famished condition, and assumed their cheerful burden. Hours were spent, under the leadership of our tireless guide, in recovering lost ground. In the darkness followed feats of engineering, negotiating perilous rockslides, traversing cañons roaring with foaming glacier streams, zigzagging down rocky, scrub-grown ridges ending precipitously, or trailing bouldery beds of tortuous streamlets that would have caused unhampered men to pause in daylight.

The rude stretcher required constant watchfulness, and in our efforts to carry the patient half-way comfortably, without stumbling where pitfalls lurked for every unguarded footstep, every muscle of the body sprang into unwonted action; the mind, riveted to one absorbing thought, became preternaturally alert; sight equal to unaccustomed conditions. Night wore away as slowly as the miles, and during our brief but frequent pauses to rest we sought courage of the stars wheeling in their calm courses, unimpatient for the dawn. Gradually the cañons merged into broad valleys, the vicious roar of the torrent gave way to a subdued murmur, the



The rescue party back from Mt. Hood

invigorating air of the higher altitudes which had supported us without thought of weariness insensibly drifted into the moisture-laden air of dewy woods. The mountain and its drama were left behind.

At six o'clock the patient, ever cheerful and uncomplaining throughout his forty-hour ordeal, was in the skilful hands of the surgeon and nurse. A couple of hours later, to those assembled to bid him God-speed on his way to the city, he said: "Ay want to tak a long look, so I never forget you fallers; you ban mighty good to me. I—I don't understand—"

But the rest of us understood.

THE AFTERMATH

By Arnold Mulder

MY VACATION lasted just three days. That was all I believed I had time for, and it seemed hard to spare even that short time. My earning capacity is not \$200 every working minute, as I have been told is the case with some of the big financiers. At that rate, a three days' vacation would become rather expensive. But I am merely a plain man whose walk in life is among men that receive about \$1.50 a day for their services. The argument seemed sound, however, that just because I am a plain man and an editor I could ill afford the time for a vacation.

My train for South Haven left at 4.20 Thursday afternoon, publication day; I figured that I could have my paper "run off" before that time and "loaf and invite my soul" until Sunday evening. All day long the girls in the composing-room had tried to chat about our late minister's widow's new husband, chew gum, and set type simultaneously. With nerves racked by this unsatisfactory process, I "made up" the forms, showed the new "devil" how to run a foot-press, and even smiled good-naturedly while the pressman showed him the wonderful mystery of "type-lice." I persuaded an incensed old subscriber not to stop his paper, and listened with a show of patience to an enthusiast who tried to arouse my editorial interest in a factory for the manufacture of a new kind of "rat." When I finally caught the 4.20, just in time, I sank into the cushions with a sigh of relief and closed my eyes with the fatigue of it all.

For seven long years I had been on the job almost without intermission. During the day the paper and the job plant demanded all my attention, and the evening was reserved for finishing up the odds and ends of the day's work. I often wondered why my weight was only 135 pounds, and why I repeatedly arose in the morning suffering with a headache. My business did not seem prosperous enough to warrant a vacation, and beneath the sigh of relief lurked the misgiving that things might go wrong during my absence.

Some people believe that all the events of a drowning man's past life are crowded into the brief interval before he goes down. But oh, the sensations that can be crowded into a brief three days' vacation after a seven years' stretch of work!

We slept on cots in a boat-house—Tom and Jack and John and I. At 4 o'clock in the morning the sun peered in through the open door, and after that the flies made sleep a mere pretense. Before I had my eyes fairly open there was a splash and a splutter, while Jack's cheery voice explained it all:

"I love my wife, but, oh, you morning dip."

When the *City of South Haven* steamed into the harbor with the steam calliope playing "London Bridge," the summer resorters that crowded the decks saw four young men in white and blue bathing suits striking out boldly across the channel. And those same resorters doubtless thought of four pairs of muscular young arms and lusty legs submerged, and envied the rich young blood unmixed with the dust of the city. But returned to the boat-house, while wringing the water out of our suits, Jack remarked:

"Holy gee, Buck"—my nickname—"you're skinny!"

All day long I turned the crank for Tom's ferry across the channel till my muscles fairly ached. The big, flat ferry-boat, like pictures I had seen of the House-Boat on the Styx, ran on a chain stretched across the channel; and the raw squeak of the chain over the wheel comes back to me now with a thrill of delight. In the afternoon there was an hour of hilarious glory in the surf on the finest bathing beach along Lake Michigan. Then at night, when the last passenger had been ferried across, there was another plunge into the cool waters of the channel, and I went to sleep whispering:

"Oh, you evening dip."

There was a time when I might have called it a dull vacation, with only a few colored ice-cream cones and a twelve-mile trip in a canoe up one of the most beautiful rivers I have seen in Michigan to vary the monotony. But in this case the "experiences" form only half of the story. I ate my meals because I was ravenously hungry. I succeeded in obliterating a seven years' pallor with a healthy coat of sunburn, and I developed a marvelous collection of blisters in my hands. This, with a freedom from headaches and with muscles that, in spite of the ache, felt as if they were being trained for a championship bout, was not such bad entertainment.

(Continued on page 25)

"Doubt and be Lost!"

Some Account of the Fantastic Spiritual Ferment Which Is Stirring Chicago and the Middle West

By HENRY M. HYDE

"**D**OUBT and be damned!" said Mrs. Jennie Blakely of West Sixty-third Street. The little woman in the red cotton wrapper stood defiantly in her open front door, her blue eyes flashing. "In 1893 God spoke to my husband, myself, and our daughter Grace as we sat in our kitchen, and bade us begin, when fifteen years had passed, the work of the Kingdom of Heaven Church of the First Born. Grace died five years ago, but twice she has visited me in her celestial body. My husband is a carpenter. For twelve years he has repaired the street safety gates of the Chicago and Western Indiana Railroad. We shall rule and refine the world. We shall redeem Zion and set up the heavenly sanctuary. Doubt and you shall be damned."

Mrs. Blakely is more than a casual fanatic. She is a type—one of more than a hundred men and women scattered over the Middle West—who, in as many different ways, are giving strained and bizarre expression to the spiritual ferment of the people. She and her fellows in the great cloud of fanatical witnesses ride the crest of the wave of reaction against commercialism. Doubtless she will find followers—many or few—driven by the inherent necessity in every human heart of believing something as the first condition of happiness.

The rest of the country can hardly realize the breadth and the depth and the fervor of the spiritual tumult which is stirring the Middle West, with Chicago as its center. Chicago newspapers regularly carry columns of sermons in their paid advertising columns. In Chicago street-cars are displayed glar-

careful heed to each new vagrant dreamer who feels himself divinely inspired to bring them a strange message from the stars. They are eager to prove all things and to hold fast to those which they feel are good. The city serves, without self-consciousness, as the moral and spiritual experimental laboratory for all mankind. It has come to be the lying-in hospital, where troubled souls are delivered of new religions. And as each founding comes into the world there are always people waiting to adopt it, to nurse and nourish it, believing to the end that it is destined to be the solace of nations and the only guaranteed cure for sick souls.

All over the Mississippi Valley the people retain the power of belief and know the necessity of believing. They know that without belief the world is only a vast graveyard, spinning endlessly and to no end, through an awful chaos of dead and dying suns and satellites.

Thus old John Dowie, the most magnificent charlatan of the century, came round the world from Scotland, by way of Australasia, harried by sheer indifference, to find in Chicago a hearing and a tremendous following. Already gray-bearded and venerable when he reached his promised land, with the seeds of the disease which killed him already sown in his sturdy frame, he built in the few years which he had left a handsome city on the shores of Lake Michigan, where ten or twelve thousand men and women lived and worked and owned him master of life and death, sincerely believing that the old man in the robes of purple and gold was the Prophet Elijah come back again to earth. They gave him millions in money and a devotion that would have been magnificent if it had not been almost maudlin.

The Capacity for Enthusiasm

DOWIE banished from his City of Zion drugs and labor unions, whisky and physicians, pork and secret societies, tobacco and musical comedies. He took from his people one-tenth of all the money they earned, and he gave them in return a spiritual equilibrium and peace which richer and more normal men find it hard to buy even at the cost of many marble libraries and vast endowed universities.

It was his dream to make the United States a pure theocracy, and it was the ribald indifference of New York—on the occasion of the famous special-train crusade—which shattered the vision and broke the old fanatic's heart.

Truly the people of the Middle West are almost terrifyingly young in their capacity for enthusiasm. Scratch a Chicago man and you find a martyr. Or, if he will not die at the stake for his belief, he will at least take a stern joy in heaping up fagots for the outward consumption and inward illumination of the other man whose belief makes light of his own. And that, too, is a potent reason why the Middle West is the great breeding-ground for new creeds. Before the fieriest zealot can find a corner-stone for his new temple, he must wait until some one is suffi-

ciently moved by his message to throw a rock at him. When the Chicago papers began to attack him bitterly, John Alexander, as old Dowie signed himself, knew his opportunity had come. He hired the Auditorium, and every Sunday, while his town was building, it was packed with people, come to hear such epithets as "stink-pots," "pups of hell," and "spawn of the Devil" hurled at those who presumed to question his divine authority.

The other day there died in Florida another man who was the founder of one of the strangest of Chicago-born sects. Koresh he called himself—Cyrus Teed was his name in the world. In the beginning he stood all day Sunday on the downtown street corners of the city, declaring to all comers his certainty that this world is a hollow sphere, on the inside of which we live, and that within its circumference is contained all the visible universe; that man is born to be immortal; that he, in his own person, was that Cyrus foretold in the Old Testament as the Messiah who was to come, and that those who followed him should be of the 144,000 saints who are to be caught up into heaven at the beginning of the millennium.

Persecuted to Success

STREET crowds gathered, and men, profane and serious, interrupted with attempts to ridicule or confound him. Insults he answered with bitter and more biting insults. For those who asked questions tending to throw discredit on his scientific theories, he had answers so ready and so apparently conclusive as to turn the ready laughter of the crowds against the questioners. Finally, one Sunday afternoon, stones were thrown. Next Sunday Koresh appeared, no longer alone, but supported by a dozen apostles, each as quick-tongued and as ready as their master.

Presently the police were called to suppress what threatened to become riots, and out of that opposition the Koreshian Unity, with more than a thousand members, was born. Out on the southwest side of the city a great Koreshian home was built, and there the community lived and prospered, in proportion as it was persecuted, until the growing age of Koresh made Chicago winters hard for him to bear. Then he proposed to his followers that they migrate to the warm climate of Florida. On the word more than 300 people started. There, on the west coast of the peninsula, on an estate of 20,000 acres, a town was laid out and built by the sole labor of members of the community. When he died his followers kept the body for more than a week, waiting in full confidence for Koresh to redeem his promise of rising from the dead.

Chicago does not insist that the ideas of those who come with lips of inspiration be fresh from the mint. It will listen to and in some degree accept a message uttered for the first time or one which was thousands of years old when Christ was born. Thus, in the greatest of the city's tall buildings and in almost adjoining rooms, may be found the headquarters of the followers of a woman messiah, who was spiritually born less than two years ago, and of a group of men and women who sit silently repeating the mystical syllable "Om" hour after hour, striving for that state of Nirvana which wrapt Hindu sages when the world was young.

Vagrant Seekers for Truth

DOWN on Lake Avenue stands an ornate frame house, topped by a grotesque tower. To that tower there climbs early every morning a gaunt man, with glowing black eyes, wearing a costume which seems a compromise between that of a comic-opera star and a woman dress reformer. When the sun first lifts itself out of the lake, the man prostrates himself and repeats a strange apostrophe. The ten thousand devoted adherents which he claims know him as Ottoman Zar Adsht Hanish, and their worship of Apollo, the Sun god, was already falling into decadence when Alexander the Great made himself master of Persia. So fanatical are his followers that in one or two cases women have actually died of starvation and exhaustion as the result of the long fasts which are a part of the discipline of the sect.

Sometimes these vagrant seekers after the ultimate truth develop ideas which make a powerful



Under the acrobatic ministrations of Billy Sunday

ing placards advertising the "Book of Mormon," and 48,000 copies have been sold in the city during the past two or three years. Billboards are covered with big four-sheet posters in colors, calling upon the public to attend great free mass-meetings in the Coliseum, with a gospel choir of 2,000 voices as the special attraction. Every Sunday morning the Auditorium—the largest theater in the city—is packed with the congregation of Central Church, and every Sunday evening Orchestra Hall is filled with people attending the religious services, which are supported by a voluntary club of Chicago business men. And during the element season of each recent year scores of Middle West towns, with populations of ten to twenty thousand people, have practically dropped all their ordinary occupations and given themselves over for weeks at a time to a strange, fanatical religious ecstasy, under the acrobatic ministrations of "Billy" Sunday, baseball evangelist. And these are only the more normal, the more nearly orthodox manifestations of the spiritual unrest.

A Moral and Spiritual Laboratory

CHICAGO—primarily because of its physical position—is first among the cities of the world in open-mindedness, in tolerance, in intellectual and spiritual hospitality. The winds that howl among its gaunt skyscrapers sweep first over the great free prairies and across the boundless plains of the North. They blow stagnation and indifference out of the air. They put a fever of desire and aspiration into the blood of those who breathe it. Who can tell but that out of this confusion may come a religious movement as wide as the world and as deep as man's needs?

Chicago, itself, remains the most romantic fact in the world. And, as a romance, though its feet are in muck of stockyards, must have wings to soar, so the people of this most commercial, most materialistic, and most idealistic of cities are ever ready to stop in their chase after money and marbles to give



A devotion that would have been magnificent if it had not been almost maudlin

Comment on Congress

By MARK SULLIVAN

THESE few sentences were first printed in COLLIER'S about five months ago. At the time there was much complaint that Congress had been slow in getting under way, and much assertion that it was to be a "do-nothing Congress":

From COLLIER'S for January 29—"... The really important parts of the legislative program... will be in the limelight later on, when Republican members are before their constituents, seeking renomination. This is all for the better. Congress is not often so responsive to public opinion as it will be about next June."

From COLLIER'S for February 5—"... In all probability this is not a case where the public will suffer by delay. The nearer the votes on progressive legislation come to the days when individual Congressmen and Senators are before their constituents for reelection, the more responsive to the people's will is Congress apt to be."

These sentences are reprinted now, not from any pride of prophecy, but for their bearing on the present deification of Taft. As respects its public men, this is an emotional nation. Five weeks ago, Taft as a failure was only to be compared to Buchanan, and the whole burden of his speeches was resentment against the hostile treatment of him by the press; within the last two weeks he has become "Taft the Fulfiller," who has driven more bills through a single session of Congress than any other President.

That a large number of important measures have been passed is true; what passed them was not Taft but a scared and demoralized Republican machine—scared by the imminence of the primaries and elections, and demoralized by the Insurgents who, to use a common Washington phrase, "have broken Congress wide open," by which it is meant that legislation is no longer controlled by a little clique of Cannon's friends, and that what Congress does or refuses to do represents now the average opinion of the body. By all means, give Taft what credit is his due. Give him unlimited praise for his courage in refusing to exempt labor unions from the conspiracy law; whatever you may happen to think of the merits of the case, you must concede that what Taft did required rare courage. But let's be discriminating.

Looking at things from a long perspective, the most important act of the recent session of Congress was the breaking up of the system that goes under the word Cannonism. Of this, the New York "Evening Post," ever disposed to be friendly to Taft, said last March:

"We have but one regret, and that a very keen one, in connection with the overthrow of Cannonism; it has been accomplished without one word of aid from the President."

A close comparison of the railroad bill which Taft sent to Congress in the beginning, and the bill which Congress finally passed, will furnish convincing evidence bearing on the question how much Taft had to do with the legislation that Congress passed.

The Laws That Were Passed

IN THE session of Congress recently ended about thirty-seven thousand bills were introduced. Out of these between three and four hundred were passed and became laws. Among the bills which became laws, the most important are these:

- Revising the railroad laws and creating an interstate commerce court.
- Establishing a postal savings bank system.
- Admitting New Mexico and Arizona as States.
- Appropriating \$20,000,000 to complete reclamation projects.
- Creating a bureau of mines.
- Providing for the publicity of campaign contributions.
- Suppressing the white-slave traffic.
- Authorizing the President to withdraw from entry such public lands as he wishes for conservation.
- Appropriating \$250,000 for the use of the Tariff Board.

A Gold Brick

THE law providing for publicity of campaign contributions is described by the New York "Times" as an "impudent insincerity." This is a pleasant euphemism for the term which is used by members of Congress in private conversation. The bill fulfils the original purpose of a gold brick. Within a high-sounding and ornate verbiage, calculated to make the public believe that much has been done, it accomplishes nothing whatever. One of the fundamental shams in the bill is suggested by these sentences spoken by Senator Beveridge, just as the bill was coming to a vote:

"I rise for the purpose of asking a question of the chairman of the committee. Of course we are all in favor of this bill, as far as it goes, but does the chairman think that it is an effective publicity bill when it does not include State and other committees that have to do with the election of Congressmen and Legislatures which elect Senators? ... If we confine it merely to national com-

mittees and to committees which influence the election of Representatives in two or more States, have we not, after all, left the door open to the very thing which we are intending to prevent? Can not the corrupting interests furnish their funds to these committees which, after all, have the elections immediately in charge?"

Another more obvious fraud in the bill is pointed out by Senator Bailey of Texas:

"The amendment now pending provides only for a publication after the election. It seems to me that if we only publish these contributions after the election has passed, a large part of the benefit which would accrue from their publication would be lost to the people. It seems to me something like the performance of closing the door of the stable after the horse has been stolen."

The bill which the lower house passed provided for publication before election. The change was made by the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, of which Senator Burrows of Michigan is chairman. Indeed, Senator Burrows has frankly taken upon himself the responsibility for this change.

What the Insurgents thought about this so-called publicity bill is shown by the fact that they all voted against it. The roll-call reads:

YEAS—37

Bradley, Ky.	Clark, Wyo.	Gamble, S. Dak.	Perkins, Cal.
Brandegee, Conn.	Crane, Mass.	Guggenheim, Colo.	Piles, Wash.
Briggs, N. J.	Crawford, S. Dak.	Hale, Me.	Smoot, Utah.
Brown, Neb.	Cullom, Ill.	Heyburn, Idaho.	Stephenson, Wis.
Bulkeley, Conn.	Curtis, Kans.	Jones, Wash.	Sutherland, Utah.
Burkett, Neb.	Depew, N. Y.	Kean, N. J.	Warren, Wyo.
Burnham, N. H.	Dick, Ohio.	Lodge, Mass.	Wetmore, R. I.
Burrows, Mich.	Dixon, Mont.	Nelson, Minn.	
Burton, Ohio.	Du Pont, Del.	Oliver, Penn.	
Carter, Mont.	Gallinger, N. H.	Page, Vt.	

NAYS—30

Bacon, Ga.	Clapp, Minn.	Johnston, Ala.	Shively, Ind.
Bailey, Tex.	Clay, Ga.	La Follette, Wis.	Simmons, N. C.
Bankhead, Ala.	Cummins, Iowa.	Newlands, Nev.	Smith, S. C.
Beveridge, Ind.	Fletcher, Fla.	Overman, N. C.	Stone, Mo.
Borah, Idaho.	Flint, Cal.	Owen, Okla.	Taylor, Tenn.
Bourne, Ore.	Frazier, Tenn.	Paynter, Ky.	Warner, Mo.
Bristow, Kans.	Gore, Okla.	Percy, Miss.	
Chamberlain, Ore.	Hughes, Colo.	Purcell, N. Dak.	

NOT VOTING—25

Aldrich, R. I.	Elkins, W. Va.	Money, Miss.	Smith, Md.
Clarke, Ark.	Foster, La.	Nixon, Nev.	Smith, Mich.
Culberson, Tex.	Frye, Me.	Penrose, Penn.	Taliaferro, Fla.
Daniel, Va.	Lorimer, Ill.	Rayner, Md.	Tillman, S. C.
Davis, Ark.	McCumber, N. Dak.	Richardson, Del.	
Dillingham, Vt.	McEnery, La.	Root, N. Y.	
Dolliver, Iowa.	Martin, Va.	Scott, W. Va.	

This law is calculated not to break, but to conceal and perpetuate, the partnership between big business and the Republican Party.

What Kind of Senators

ARIZONA and New Mexico will shortly become States. They will send four Senators to Washington—as many as Massachusetts and Maine, or as New York and Pennsylvania, or as Ohio and Illinois. What kind of men will these four be? In what direction will they tend to swing the delicate balance of power in the Senate? Will they be men of virile leadership? Will they be mere two-spots and pawns of the reactionary machine, like Sutherland of Utah or Burnham of New Hampshire? (Who has ever heard or read of Burnham?) Will they ally themselves to the Insurgent group from the Middle West? If all these questions, and the apprehensions that cling about them, could have been answered, these two new commonwealths would not have been compelled to wait so long for Statehood.

Next

THE country turns now to the election of a new Congress. So far as there is a single issue involved, that issue is the tariff. The Payne-Aldrich bill became a law on August 5, 1909. If, on that day, a plebiscite had been taken, nineteen-twentieths of the American people would have condemned it. Since then, the law certainly has not grown in popularity. If the elections next November do not constitute a rebuke to the party which passed the present tariff, it will be either because the people have short memories or because the machinery for expressing the popular will is so complicated that it baffles the average voter. Neither condition is likely. When the Chicago "Tribune" took its poll of editors west of the Alleghany Mountains, asking them whether they were for or against the Payne-Aldrich tariff, it found that even among editors of Republican papers only 812 supported the tariff, while 2,686 were against it.

Does It Pay to be Unselfish?

THIS advertisement, run one time, costs \$1600.

We do not want to waste \$1600, or any part of \$1600.

Because it is only **by avoiding wasteful methods** that we are able to sell the Winton Six at a price so much lower than is asked for other cars of similar size and power.

Competitors Offer Two Objections

For three years we have advertised the superiority of Six-Cylinder cars over four-cylinder cars.

Friendly competitors say we are **wasting our money**.

That we ought to talk Winton cars exclusively, and say nothing about Sixes in general, because:—

1—The public already knows all about Sixes.

2—By advocating Sixes in general, Winton advertising helps other makers of Sixes to sell their cars.

If the Public Really Knew

Our opinion is that the public **does not know** all about Sixes.

And we are unselfish enough to advertise Sixes in general, because when any buyer gets a first-grade Six (even if it isn't our make) we know **that buyer will be happier** than he ever was before.

Also we know that when the public actually knows the truth about Sixes, the demand for Sixes will be so overwhelming that **we shall be glad** there are other makers of Sixes to take care of the surplus orders.

Mr. Reader, Do You Know?

But what is your opinion, Mr. Reader?

Do **you**, as one of the public, know all about Sixes?

Do you know that **the only self-cranking motor** in the world is a Six?

That the Vanderbilt Cup race of last year was won by a Six?

That the Glidden Tour of last year was won by a Six?

That the world's 24-hour speed record of 1581 miles was made by a Six?

Do you know that the Six is the **only motor** producing **continuous power**?

That the Six motor will drive its car at anything from

a man's walking pace to express train speed **without ever shifting gears**?

Do you know that the Six has more reserve power than any other type of car, and that, because of this reserve power, the Six is **the most superb hill-climber**?

Do you know that the Six excels all other cars in **quietness**?

That it has practically **no vibration**?

That the Six motor strikes a piston blow 50% lighter than the four, and that Six power-strokes overlap, thereby **minimizing wear** and **extending the car's life and usefulness**?

That the Six, doing better and prettier work than the four, consumes **no more gasoline** and is much easier and **less expensive on tires**?

That **the world's lowest upkeep record** of 77 cents per 1000 miles is held by a Six?

If We Don't Tell, Who Will?

If you already know these facts, Mr. Reader, of course there isn't any reason why we should advertise them.

If you don't already know them, then **it is our duty** to keep on publishing them until your knowledge of Six superiority impels you to become a Six owner.

Indeed, the burden of responsibility is upon **us**.

For, as we were the first company in the world to show our faith in the Six by making **Sixes exclusively**, so it is "up to us" to let you know why and how the Six excels all other types.

You will readily understand that the manufacturer who makes **both** fours and sixes is prohibited from advocating one type against the other.

From him you can **never** learn the whole story of either type.

But our position is different. We formerly made fours, and we know the four like a book. We now make **Sixes only**. And when we talk about Sixes vs.

fours, we talk from actual experience with both types—experience covering a period longer than that of any other American manufacturer.

Let the Buyer Insist

When you come to buy a Six, insist upon getting one that meets your highest expectations, based upon **knowledge of Six superiority**.

For, be it known that there are Sixes and sixes.

More than one maker is today making Sixes, not because he wants to, but because demand compels him.

And that maker is most likely making Sixes in a half-hearted manner.

With the result that his car is a half-hearted Six.

Sixes Exclusively and Why

The Winton Six is a whole-hearted Six.

We make **Sixes exclusively**, because we want to, like to, love to make Sixes.

We believe in Sixes.

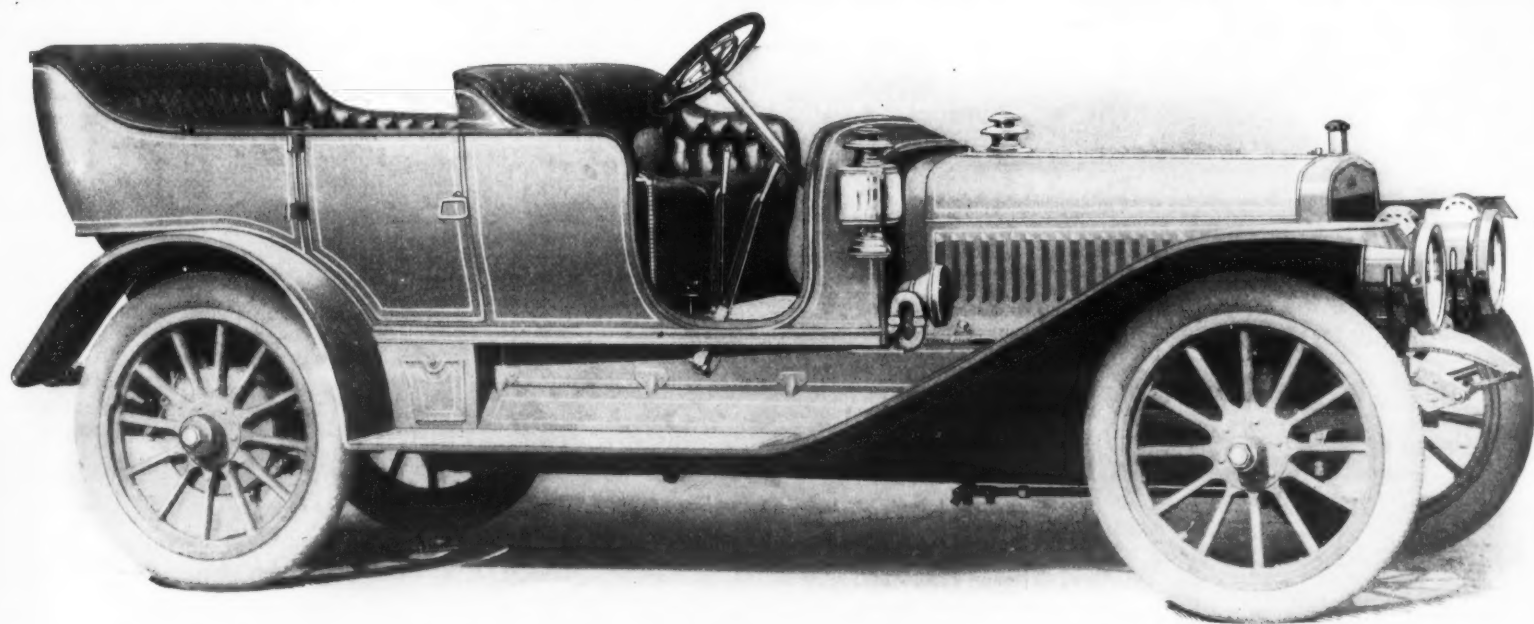
We are now making Sixes exclusively for the fourth consecutive year.

And the 1911 Winton Six is the same Six we first made in 1907—without a single radical change—a car refined from season to season to a state of perfection that makes us more enthusiastic over Sixes than ever before.

If You Don't Know, Ask Us

And so we keep on advertising Sixes in general, because the more you know about Sixes, the more certain you are to buy a Winton Six.

If you do not know as much as you would like to know about Sixes, send for our 1911 catalog. It's a book (library size) filled with common-sense, straight-from-the-shoulder facts.



WINTON SIX

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO., Licensed under Selden Patent, 101 Berea Road, CLEVELAND, O.

Send Winton Six literature to

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

No More Punctures

No more "blow outs," no more tire troubles at all. Standard Tire Protectors enable you to come and go, day in and day out, without the least bit of anxiety. Eliminate the tire expense and you know the cost of upkeep of your car will be merely nominal.

This Construction Prevents Punctures

Eliminate Your Tire Expense

Save Time Work Worry

Standard Tire Protectors

are the only device known which protect tires without affecting resiliency.

Sharp stones, glass or nails cannot penetrate our durable protectors. The arrows above indicate their strong construction. The body of the tire protector is composed of four or more layers of Sea-Island cotton fabric, and the rubber tread of pure Para Rubber, giving strongest wearing qualities.

Slips over the tread surface of the tire and is held firmly in place by natural inflation pressure. No metal fastenings. Gravel, water or foreign matter cannot get in. Impossible for them to work off, and no creeping. Made for any style tire or wheel.

Write today for our handsome booklet and see why "Standard Protectors Do Protect." Read our many genuine testimonials.

Standard Tire Protector Co.
751 S. Water St., Saginaw, Mich.



A GOOD OIL CAN

filled with that famous 3-in-One oil for only 10c. This special offer covers a limited number of cans and is solely to introduce 3-in-One to new people. The can or the oil alone is worth 10c. If you have never tried 3-in-One for lubricating any mechanism, cleaning

and polishing furniture, preventing rust on any metal surface, do it now. Wrap a dime in a piece of paper and mail to Three In One Oil Co., 35 Broadway, New York City.

By return you get the can

Full of 3-in-One

Amateur Photographers

Find added pleasure and encouragement in their work as a result of our ability to obtain for them the maximum of quality from their negatives. We are the largest operators in the United States, developing and printing exclusively for amateur photographers. The results obtained by our chemists have proven to thousands of amateurs in all parts of the world that the most gratifying results can only be obtained by entrusting the developing and printing of their films to men who have been qualified by years of experience to manipulate them.

Developing: Brownie No. 1 and 2 Films 5c. All other sizes of Roll Films 6 to 12 exposures, 10c per roll.
STEMMEERMAN 50 Howe Ave.
Photo-Craft Laboratories Passaic, N. J.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

MAKE BIG MONEY

Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc., or operating FIVE CENT THEATRES. We show you how to conduct the business, furnish complete outfit. We rent films and slides. Write today. CHICAGO PROJECTING CO. 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 162, Chicago

appeal to the imagination. There is, for instance, the Brotherhood of Soul Communion—for which its leading adepts claim a total membership of more than half a million, scattered all over the world—and its monthly time-table. This table shows that when it is twelve o'clock in Portland, Oregon, for example, it is just seven minutes past one in Santa Fe, New Mexico, half-past nine in Palestine, twenty minutes past two in Chicago, and exactly ten o'clock in Constantinople. It is the guide by which the Soul Communists synchronize all their spiritual endeavors. Thus, on the twenty-seventh day of each month—a date of especial holiness and power to the sect—at high noon in Chicago and at the hours which correspond with that all over the world every follower of the sect must stop his employment and for half an hour concentrate his whole being in thinking the sacred word printed in the time-table for that occasion. Thus, when a great war is raging, the sacred word may be "Peace." Surely there is something inspiring in the thought of five hundred thousand zealots, scattered about the belt of the world, all at the same time putting their whole souls into a silent prayer for universal peace. Who knows that psychic waves thus started may not find their unseen way into the inner rooms of foreign offices and even into the tents of great generals in the field?

The Musical Pitch of the Body

GROTESQUELY humorous was the latest project of Francis Schlatter, who, after a stormy career as a messiah and founder of a new earthly heaven, came to Chicago to found the Healing Institute of the Natural Tone. It was his teaching that every human being is pitched in a certain musical key, and that if his body is properly sounded—the method of sounding was his great secret—it will give forth a musical sound in that key. Thus those who were pitched in the key of G were certain to be great business men, while the key of C revealed in its possessor the artistic temperament. Sickness and evil of all kinds resulted simply from getting off the key, and it was the business of the Healing Institute of Natural Tone to bring the sick body or soul back to its proper pitch. Thus, also, happy marriages were easy to arrange by first making sure that the keys in which man and maid were pitched were fundamentally harmonious.

But Schlatter's great discovery was too grotesque even for the spiritual ingenuity of the Middle West. He has gone into at least temporary obscurity, along with Schweinfurth, whose Paradise near Rockford, Illinois, was rudely broken up by the sheriff, Jacob Beilhart, whose effort to devote an Ohio farm to the raising of Spirit Fruit was backed by a rich Chicago mine owner, and James and Charles, the mystic brothers, who, starting from a small town in Michigan, led a crusade on foot over a large part of Europe, distributing handbills as they went, which called upon the people to:

COME FORTH AND SECURE SALVATION!
JAMES AND CHARLES WILL FEED YOU!
JAMES AND CHARLES WILL HOUSE YOU
BY THE WILL OF THE LORD!

And still the procession of founders of strange new creeds keeps up its endless march. It is a procession which is vastly more melancholy and pathetic than amusing. For from John Sharp, the New Adam, who, with a little company of followers, started not long ago to walk half across the continent, wearing nothing more than the modern equivalent of the fig-leaf, to Prophet Rose of the Brotherhood of Light, they are, without many exceptions, sincere men, believing to the full in their own divine inspiration. And even when the sincerity of the leaders is questioned, no such doubt can be felt of the guilelessness of their followers, for they have given up everything which most men count dear in the effort to satisfy what has always been the deepest longing of the human heart.

It is easy and cheap to make mock and ridicule of all these people. But that attitude of mind only betrays the spiritual poverty of its possessor. The most extravagant of these strange creeds is still dedicated to the doctrine that man may not live by bread alone. And the truth of that teaching no human being who is honest with himself has ever been able to deny. The most fantastic fanatic burning at the stake is always able to pity the fat philosopher filled with the husks of incredulity, whose mask of sneering indifference only partly conceals the agonized and yearning soul within.

It would seem that in the abounding zeal of this great army of devotees the older churches might be able to find their needed lesson; that they might see, once for all, that not by church kitchens, church billiard-rooms, and patronizing missions may the spiritual needs of the people be filled, but only by the offer and the insistence of a faith that is on fire.



Bad Air vs. Good Work

You can't do your best work—and you shouldn't expect it of others—in a stuffy, perhaps smoke-filled room, breathing the same air that has been breathed over and over by several people. Pure air is just as necessary as pure food. Poor ventilation produces not only discomfort and loss of energy, but greater susceptibility to disease.

The only way to get fresh air indoors at reasonable cost is to use a

Sturtevant Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set

Desk and ceiling fans do not ventilate, they simply stir up the stagnant air, and make you feel a little cooler. Ventilation by means of windows is slow and insufficient, and subjects you to drafts. To produce real ventilation the stagnant air and disease germs must be removed and fresh air substituted. This is just what the Sturtevant Ready-to-Run Ventilating Set does. Completely changes air in an ordinary room in from 10 to 15 minutes at a cost of only one to three cents an hour. Simple, noiseless, mechanically and electrically perfect. Indispensable in the office, workroom, home, in the sickroom, smoking rooms, telephone booths, phonograph dictation and listening rooms, and scores of other places.

Set shown in above window is reversible. It will, by a simple change, either fill the room with fresh outdoor air or exhaust the air from the room. Serviceable all the year. Price complete, delivered anywhere in U. S., \$40.00. Fully guaranteed.

It will pay you to investigate. Write today for Booklet C 72.

B. F. STURTEVANT CO., Hyde Park, Mass.

Trade prices to Electrical Contractors, Hardware Dealers and Power Companies

BRANCH OFFICES: 50 Church St., N. Y.; 135 N. 3rd St., Phila.; 319 W. 3rd St., Cincinnati; 200 Fullerton Bldg., St. Louis; 330 S. Clinton St., Chicago; 711 Park Bldg., Pittsburgh; 1054 Wash. Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington; 34 Oliver St., Boston; 129 Metropolitan Bldg., Minn.; 422 Schfield Bldg., Cleveland; 1108 Granite Bldg., Rochester; 225 Hanson Bldg., New Orleans; 219 Conn. Mt. Bldg., Hartford.

We are the largest manufacturers of heating and ventilating machinery in the world. Whatever your problem, large or small, we can solve it.

THE SIMONDS SAW

"A handy thing to have about the house."
Hardware Dealers sell it because it's an easy, clean-cutting Saw. Absolutely Guaranteed.
Carpenters, send for free copy of "Carpenter's Guide Book."

Simonds Mfg. Co.
FITCHBURG, MASS.

Chicago New Orleans Portland New York San Francisco Seattle

ASK FOR FREE CATALOGUE

Safe-Swift-Sure

SIX SHOTS IN FOUR SECONDS \$18

perfect DANABUS Barrel. Full length top rib gives instantaneous sight. Hinged breech block, all working parts covered up; snow and dirt cannot get in. Solid steel wall always between shell and shooter. Taken down in ten seconds without tools. Black walnut stock, fine finish. Bore, gauge and drop of stock optional. No extra charge for any feature named. Sent with privilege of examination if desired. Don't buy until you have read our FREE BOOK describing this pump gun and our superb line of singles and doubles. Ask for it today. THE UNION FIRE ARMS CO., 314 Ashburdaile, Toledo, O., U.S.A.

Tents That Last

Buy a tent that the rain cannot beat through, and that will last and give you fine service for years. An inferior tent will give you lots of trouble. Send for Geo. B. Carpenter & Co.'s Catalogue—FREE

It is filled with illustrations, and with prices for tents, kit bags, hammocks, camping outfits, cots, furniture, stoves and clothing. Also boat sails, wagon covers, paulins, stack, binder and horse covers.

If you are interested in sail boats or motor boats, send 20c in silver or U. S. Postage for our 500-page Marine Supply Catalog No. 73. The Tent Catalog No. 82 is sent free.

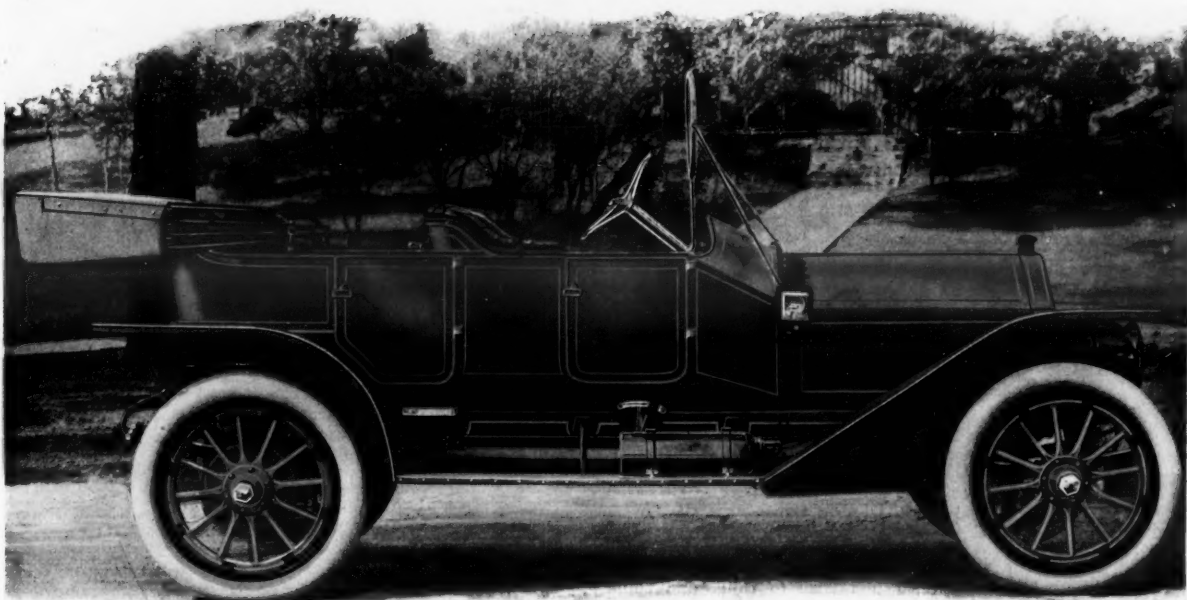
Geo. B. CARPENTER & CO.
200 S. Water St., Chicago, Ill.
Makers for the U. S. Government

Hot Water Always Ready

The "Dayton-Ohio" is a line of simple, efficient water heaters. They burn gas, gasoline, or acetylene, and convert a flowing stream of cold water into hot. There is no storage of water and, therefore, no wasted fuel. Heaters are handsomely nickel-plated. Plumbers recommend "Dayton-Ohio" heaters where inexpensive systems are needed, and where a quick, supplementary supply is desirable. Easy to install—cheap to maintain—safe to operate.

Write for Catalog today Explaining how all unsightly vent piping is done away with.

McCormick Mfg. Co.
Dept. A Dayton, Ohio



*Special Equipment
Model 34.*

*Spanish Leather Upholstering.
Demountable Rims.
Prest-O-Lite Tank.
Solar Headlights
Black Enameled.
Combination electric side and tail lamps
Black Enameled.
Storage Battery.
Exhaust Horn.
Tire Irons.
Foot Rail.
Roof Rail.*

40 H.P.

NEW Torpedo Model 34, With Special Equipment

\$2,000

World's Two Greatest Automobile Values Now Ready for Delivery!

WHEN you buy a car you buy Performance, Durability, Comfort, Economy and Style. The car whose price is so high that its merit cannot possibly equal the price, is being sold upon other than a value basis. In the Inter-State you get maximum value, dollar for dollar. **Actual records** and specifications **prove** that the Inter-State at these prices offers far the greatest value on the market today!

Two NEW *Inter-State* "40" Models

The Inter-State of 118" wheelbase is the maximum value at \$1750 by reason of its long wheelbase and a forty horsepower motor with 4½" bore by 5" stroke, built entirely in the manufacturers' own plant.

A better car cannot be built to sell at \$1750 that has the fine finish, the durability, the artistic harmony and the smooth riding qualities of the Inter-State.

Even in the highest priced cars you will not find one that has all the following features of the Inter-State—a double ignition system; a rolling push rod contact on the cam shaft; integral water pump, oil pump and an imported high tension magneto, all located on one side of the motor and driven by one

shaft. And you can find none whose parts are so easily accessible.

You can find no other motor embodying only the best features of modern motor car practice that is as simple in design as the Inter-State motor.

Upon inspecting the entire chassis, which is the most important part of any car, and comparing it point by point, you will find that no other car at anywhere near the same price has the same refinement, the same high quality of materials and superior workmanship as is found in the Inter-State. And you will find in this car a new high standard of interchangeability of parts.

The Inter-State stands second to none on long, severe service. It is the **one** car that offers you **all** of the above features in **addition** to the regular standard practice.

Dealers Are Enthusiastic!

The following telegram is a concrete example of the many enthusiastic compliments that we have received on the unparalleled merit of the new values which we are now offering:

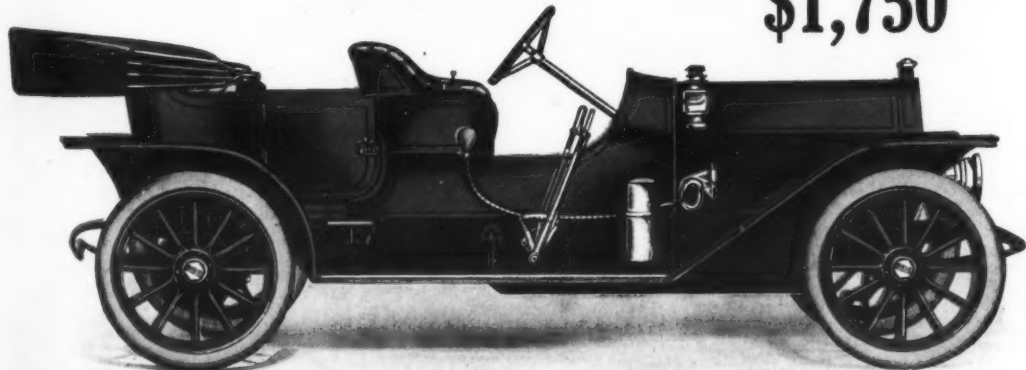
Providence, R. I., May 20, 1910.
Inter-State Automobile Co., Muncie, Ind.
Congratulations on Torpedo. Handsomest car under four thousand dollars. Oh, so silent; not any vibration. Comments galore.
C. H. GOODWIN.

Inter-State Automobile Company, Muncie, Ind.

Licensed Under Selden Patent

\$1,750

Write for information regarding choice territory for dealers



NEW Model 31A Inter-State "40"—Demi-Tonneau

Send for New Book!

It illustrates cars in exact colors. It tells all about the many high-class features we haven't room here to tell about and describes every part of the Inter-State in detail. Just fill out the coupon.

Tear This Out!

A REMINDER	
Inter-State Automobile Company Muncie, Ind.	
You may send your new 1910 book.	
Name.....	
Address.....	

Shackamaxon
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
Guaranteed fabrics

A quick suit and a fine one.
You can have your suit made from any of the famous Shackamaxon fabrics without a day's delay.
Any good tailor who hasn't them will get them for you immediately.
We'll tell you of one in your neighborhood who has them, if you'll write and ask us. A post-card will do. We will answer by return mail.

High-grade fabrics are the only kind you can afford to wear.

They are the only kind that give any real satisfaction, either in wearing-quality or style.

Shackamaxon fabrics are all pure fleecy-wool; beautifully finished; thoroughly shrunken; perfectly dyed. No more carefully-made fabrics are produced anywhere in the world.

We make them in our own mills; for merchant tailors only.

You have your choice of the latest exclusive patterns for outing and business wear. Serges, chevots and clear-finished and undressed worsteds in many rich colorings and hundreds of tasteful designs.

These fabrics keep their shape, their color and their style while a thread remains.

The "Shackamaxon" trade-mark is on every suit-pattern. Look for it. And if any Shackamaxon fabric develops any fault at any time we will make it good.

Write us today for the Shackamaxon booklet "A Well-Dressed Man." Its "Good-form" suggestions, particularly, are sure to interest you.

J R Keim & Co Shackamaxon Mills
Philadelphia

63,645 men have made this free trial

Picture to you self this army of men sharpening their razors with the "KEENOH" every morning. Think of what it means:
63,645 smooth, velvet shaves, from 63,645 razors sharpened to the keenest edge conceivable.
No more struggle with a dull razor. No more fuss with a poorly sharpened new safety blade.
For the "KEENOH" sharpens both; and hones them, too.

KEENOH
Trade Mark
AUTOMATIC RAZOR SHARPENER

These 63,645 men first took the "KEENOH" on free trial for 10 days—the trial you can have for the asking.
They found the "KEENOH" the most wonderful sharpener in the world. It gives them—in a few seconds every blade—sharpness—on safety or old style razor—more sharp and true than they could possibly get with any other sharpener.
You'll have the same experience if you give "KEENOH" a try out on your own razor. Send us \$2.50 and we will send "KEENOH" to you direct, or send us your dealer's name and we will have him deliver it. Either way, your money back after 10 days' trial, if you want it.
At any rate, send for the free book, "Are You Edgeware?"

The "KEENOH" Co.
27 W. Fort Street
Detroit, Mich.

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER
SUMMER DELIGHTS

are enjoyed by thousands of women who are immune from complexion worries. They are the users of Lablache. They are recognized by faces free from wrinkles—that are never shiny or disfigured by exposure to the elements, and a skin always smooth and velvety. It is cooling and refreshing, pure and harmless.

Refuse Substitutes. They may be dangerous. Fleck, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.
Send 10c. for sample box.
BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers
Dept. 24
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

A Country Woman

(Continued from page 16)

I went out to the Crocker Art Collection, intending to spend an instructive evening. I had been invited there to a reception. It was six o'clock and quite dark, but everything was locked up when I arrived. I finally roused a janitor, who, duster in hand, unlocked the door long enough to wither me with his eyes while he informed me that the reception did not begin till eight. Oh, you city folks who don't begin your doings till it is nearly bedtime! Well, there was nothing for it but to go back to my room. That evening, while the small boy slept the sleep that only the fat boy knoweth, I read the latest "Ladies' Home Journal" and took my art diluted and better adapted probably to the capacity of a mere housewife and mother. It was such a luxury to read a whole evening undisturbed by supper dishes to wash, or sponge to set, or milk to strain!

Between lectures the boy and I went to the Capitol Park and studied the trees gathered from remotest corners of the earth. As I sat idling on the park benches, I had time to think and think about my life work in a way that one can best do when somewhat apart from the work. The perspective is better. My work as home-maker and as a mother of men on an up-State farm became beautifully significant to me as I studied it there in view of the State House. Those three fine boys of mine, country-bred, prize human stock! Some day I would wish them to take an active part in the affairs of the commonwealth. And I consecrated my life anew to my task that I might not be afraid of that day when my boys go up to meet the spindle-shanked starvelings of the towns. Please God, inasmuch as lies within a mother to give them, they shall have health and muscle and education and heart for the struggle!

One day, on a park bench, I met a country woman. I knew it by her friendly smile. A town woman can't see you, not even if you step on her. She was from a mountain county, come down to undergo a serious operation, she told me with tremulous lips. The doctors were having her rest up for it. A gaunt, hard-worked woman, with her knotted hands folded in unaccustomed leisure, she sat waiting—oh, God, for what? I could see the lurking fear in her eyes. Her husband was coming to-morrow—her family was grown, her work was done—so if anything happened, it was not like leaving little ones, she said. It was well that I, a country woman, happened along, else she might have gone to the operating table without that hour of sympathy. I knew by the way she clasped my hands in parting.

I was eager to get home and the family was wild to see me. It was worth the whole trip just to come home. I was bubbling over with ideas and inspirations, and aching for a chance to apply them. That, I take it, is the test of a vacation—to come back enspirited, enthused, refreshed, armor gird on, ready and eager for the struggles of daily living.

The Aftermath

(Continued from page 18)

ment for a jaded editor to whom life and the fulness thereof had been expressed in the click of type.

But three days of real life was a long enough period to make real life indispensable. Monday morning seemed none too early to inaugurate a change. "Open only on Tuesday and Saturday evenings" old Wessels was told who wanted to come in on Wednesday evening to pay up a nine years' subscription bill. And whenever any one called up between 5 and 6 each day and asked for the editor, the answer of the pressman who answered the telephone invariably was:

"That d—d fool's got crazy about an old canoe he bought and is up the river."

Instead of the usual editorial about boosting Holland, there appeared in the "News" that week an editorial on "Black River, the Beautiful"; and instead of the usual "salve," there ran through it a tone of gentle reproof to the citizens for neglecting to appreciate and utilize Macatawa Bay and Black River.

Somehow these days, when the month's balance-sheet is made up, it does not make me worry even though I was not on the job every minute. But even if it did, it would be worth the powder. I get up with the snap of boyhood in my body; I know how to handle a canoe when a "sea"

COLT NEW 22 CALIBRE REVOLVER



LEARN TO SHOOT

Target practice with a fine revolver is a fascinating sport—knowing how to shoot gives confidence in an emergency and prevents accidents through careless handling of fire arms.

There is no better place to learn and enjoy this pastime than in camp or on outing trips.

There is now an ideal arm for this purpose—The new .22 calibre.

COLT POLICE-POSITIVE TARGET REVOLVER

A high-grade, reliable and accurate revolver of medium weight (22 ounces), with the perfect COLT grip, and smooth, easy trigger pull. Adapted for inexpensive .22 calibre cartridges which have but slight recoil, and may be readily obtained at any gun store.

Equipped with target sights, and the COLT POSITIVE LOCK that prevents accidental discharge.

New Catalog and special folder No. 14, give full details; mailed free on request. SEE ONE OF THESE NEW COLTS AT YOUR DEALER'S; take one on your outing.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.

Be Comfortable in Hot Weather

Put on cool, comfortable, ventilated shoes. You will know what foot comfort is when you



STYLE No. 1
Ventilated Oxford in TAN and BLACK.
SIZES and PRICES
9-2 for girls and boys \$2.00
2½-6 for women and youths \$2.50
6-12 for men \$3.00

Wear E. C. Ventilated Shoes

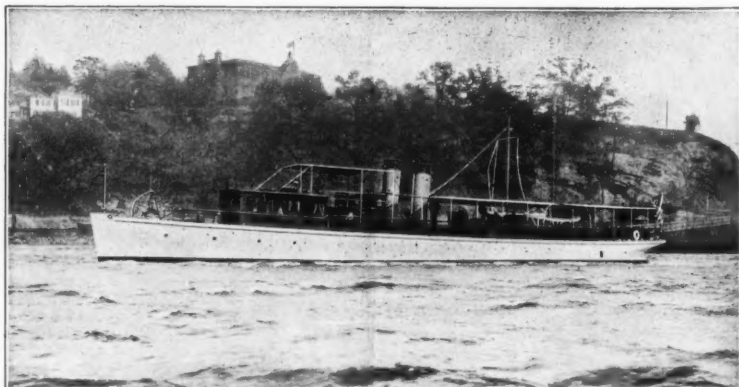
Men, women and children find E. C. Ventilated Shoes are the only common-sense shoes for the whole family in hot weather. They relieve many a foot ill caused by close shoes.

Made of the best material in the most careful manner. Look for the trade mark—E. C. Ventilated Shoes—on the sole.

Ask your dealer for E. C. Ventilated Shoes. If he cannot supply you write us and we will ship them prepaid upon receipt of price. Address for circular, mentioning Collier's.

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO., East Boston, Mass.

Express Steam Yacht For Sale



This is one of the Fastest and Finest Yachts in America. Condition Excellent. Delivered in Commission in two weeks.

Speed 25 Miles

Address for particulars or seen at works of
GAS ENGINE & POWER CO. AND CHARLES L. SEABURY & CO. CONSOLIDATED
Morris Heights, New York City



10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We will ship you a "RANGER" BICYCLE on approval, freight prepaid to any place in the United States without a cent deposit in advance, and allow ten days' free trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and is not all or more than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere else regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it back to us at our expense for freight and you will not be out one cent.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles direct from factory to rider at lower prices than any other house. We save you \$10 to \$25 middlemen's profit on every bicycle—highest grade models with Puncture-Proof tires, Imported Roller chains, pedals, etc., at prices no higher than cheap mail order bicycles; also reliable medium grade models at unheard of low prices.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED In each town and district to ride and exhibit a sample "RANGER" bicycle furnished by us. You will be astonished at the wonderful low prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the first 1910 sample going to your town. Write at once for our special offer. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogue and learn our low prices and liberal terms. **BICYCLE DEALERS:** You can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our price. Orders filled the day received. **SECOND HAND BICYCLES**—limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at \$3 to \$5 each. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE rear wheels, inner tubes, lamps, cyclometers, parts, repairs and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. **DO NOT WAIT** but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a great fund of interesting matter and useful information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A-54, CHICAGO, ILL.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

is on; I touch lovingly the callus that the contact of the paddle has left as a mark on my palms; I thrill to the touch of the spring-board, and glory in the cool, clean sweep of arm, each stroke carrying me forward through the water; I find time to pick a stray blue-flag, and my nostrils welcome the pungent scent of the peppermint growing on the bank. Joys

like these would be worth a little time and money for their own sake even if they did not build the capacity for making more money.

Measured in actual hours, my vacation was very short, but it was a moment of clear vision which taught me to emancipate myself and which prevented me from stiling my life between office walls.

Seven on Four Wheels

(Concluded from page 16)

village and lived upon it frankly, often foraging and paying when we found the owner, and with never a full day's supply ahead. We paid much in trade, doctored sick children and calves, and advised on potato-blight, maternal impressions, water siphonage, and the eradication of onion-lice. The puzzled inhabitants judged that a Providence, which had withheld so much from us, must have given some compensatory gleams of seership and second sight, and felt apparently well recompensed by the heaven-sent gift of an hour with such a group of doubtless deviates.

Often at nightfall dubious faces would show in the outer firelight, lured by the unaccustomed music. Good music too, for all the worn songs rang strangely fine and new there, and the glueless mandolin revived and filled the valleys.

Many were the good people met—all so friendly and ready to impart entire with-ness. Notable was the old man at the well, who always made his own shoes, and hadn't a corn, and whose life was climaxing on the completion, with knife and gimlet, of a great natural chair.

And Ransom, the berry-picker, with a flailed war arm strapped to his suspender, and seven snake-notches in his osier stick, who gave wisdom from the top rail, with the Susquehanna glinting a thousand feet below: "Tight piling makes a hot fire. Nothing happens till folks get close; one can't live much with a space all round."

"When you don't know what to do" (many paths) "wait."

And a little later: "When you don't know which 's best" (narrowed to two), "do one; it'll be right enough."

And the evening lovers, breaking hands at sight of us, the kingly farmer shoulder-deep in prize wheat, the boy with Jew's-

harp passing in the dark—they are unforgettable, and our friends.

There were troubles. That dog couldn't seem to get to tell a partridge from a guinea hen, nor a woodpecker from a back-door turkey, and we had rather more fowl than we desired, at considerably above market prices. Then he ate up, with much joy and noise, one ear of a lacrima hound near a mountain hut, but made the mistake of beginning on the other ear. This seemed to irritate the hound, and for three days we carried Dan on a bag in the wagon.

Seven days out Geezer astounded us into stuttering incapacity by running away through a respectable village on Sunday. Inquiry revealed that we had turned toward home, and that he had been a drover's horse in those parts. Very next nightfall sounds of a terrific struggle boiled out of a ravine. We recognized Dan's voice, and leaned lump-throated above the darkness, wishing we had not said some things. Probably a lynx had been stalking us for days. After a few subsidiary gurglings, "all grew still."

An hour later Dan entered camp—his last time on that journey. He brought his environment with him, having made another sad zoological mistake. Thereafter he appeared in the day's pale hours, just outside of stone's throw, like some anguished reincarnate ancestral spirit. He will not go again.

Geezer, eleven days from the start, rattled us back through the town square and was turned, with caress and regret, into the pasture, having companioned us over a hundred miles of country—our common country—but beautiful and wonderful, because we found a way to really see it.

The New Independence

(Concluded from page 15)

Oregon has evolved, adopted, and demonstrated the best system of popular government in the world to-day. It incorporates:

The Australian ballot, which assures the honesty of elections.

The Registration Law, which guards the integrity of the privilege of American-ship—participation in government.

The Direct Primary, which absolutely insures popular selection of all candidates and establishes the responsibility of the public servant to the electorate and not to any political boss or special interest.

The Initiative and Referendum, which is the keystone of the arch of popular government, for by means of this the people may accomplish such other reforms as they desire. The initiative develops the electorate because it encourages study of principles and policies of government, and affords the originator of new ideas in government an opportunity to secure popular judgment upon his measures if eight per cent of the voters of his State deem the same worthy of submission to popular vote. The referendum prevents misuse of the power temporarily centralized in the Legislature.

The Corrupt Practices act, which is necessary as a complement to the initiative and referendum and the direct primary, for, without the Corrupt Practices act, these other features of popular government could be abused. The Publicity Pamphlet, provided for by the Corrupt Practices act, affords all candidates for nomination or election equal means of presenting before the voter their views upon public questions, and protects the honest candidate against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Under the operation of this law popular verdicts will be based upon ideas, not money; argument, not abuse; principles, not boss or machine dictation.

The Recall, which is rather an admonitory or precautionary measure, the existence of which will prevent the necessity for its use. At rare intervals there may

be occasion for exercise of the recall against municipal or county officers, but, I believe, the fact of its existence will prevent need for its use against the higher officials. It is, however, an essential feature of a complete system of popular government.

Absolute Government by the People

UNDER the machine and political boss system the confidence of sincere partisans is often betrayed by recreant leaders in political contests, and by public servants who recognize the irresponsible machine instead of the electorate as the source of power to which they are responsible. If the enforcement of the Oregon laws will right these wrongs, then they were conceived in wisdom and born in justice to the people, in justice to the public servant, and in justice to the partizan.

Plainly stated, the aim and purpose of the laws is to destroy the irresponsible machine and to put all elective offices in the State in direct touch with the people as the real source of authority—in short, to give direct and full force to the ballot of every individual elector in Oregon and to eliminate dominance of corporate and corrupt influences in the administration of public affairs. The Oregon laws mark the course that must be pursued before the wrongful use of corporate power can be dethroned, the people restored to power, and lasting reform secured. They insure absolute government by the people.

Electors who believe in the validity and importance of their sovereign citizenship, in their own intelligence, and in their own capacity to think and act for themselves politically, should study these Oregon laws, and in their respective States and communities should work for the adoption of similar laws, should question all candidates for elective offices as to their attitude upon these measures; support only such candidates as pledge themselves to work diligently for the adoption of similar laws and defeat candidates declining to make such public declarations.

HEINZ



Pure

Malt

VINEGAR

The finest product of the barley field

While good cider vinegar is preferred by many American people, Malt Vinegar is recognized by the world in general as the finest obtainable for table use. When properly made from sound barley malt, it has a mellow richness, wholesomeness and flavor unequalled by any other kind of vinegar—whether made from fruit or grain.

Heinz Pure Malt Vinegar is made from selected barley, malted with exceeding care to bring out its full strength and aroma.

Every process of its making receives the scientific and unceasing attention that only Heinz facilities permit. It is refined, clarified and its natural acidity developed by ageing for at least one year until it becomes thoroughly mellow and its flavor is fully matured.

It is well to make certain you are getting the genuine product when buying. Vinegars are so frequently adulterated that such a guarantee as the name Heinz is required if you would be sure of purity and healthfulness.

Heinz White Pickling and Table Vinegar

is a perfectly pure and wholesome white vinegar; best for pickling and especially desirable for mayonnaise dressing.

Heinz Pure Cider Vinegar

is clean-made from pure Apple Juice of first pressing and properly aged. It is clear, sound and mellow.

These three vinegars are all sold by grocers in sealed glass bottles, in sealed half-gallon jugs and by measure from barrels—but, when buying in this way be sure you are getting the Heinz Brand.

Heinz Tarragon Vinegar

and

Heinz Spiced Salad Vinegar

are sold only in sealed glass bottles.

H. J. HEINZ CO.,

Distributing Branches and Agencies throughout the World.

Member American Association for Promotion of Purity in Food Products.



IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



O HO! PICNICS

That's when you want the tastiest taste—to feed the gnawing-hungry.

And what is the tastiest taste? Underwood Deviled Ham, of course.

And why does it taste good? Oh, just because it's ham, salted, and sugared, and seasoned with hickory smoke; boiled *en casserole* to retain the good ham taste, then ground up fine and mixed with mustard and 42 spices. Smackish and piquant is the taste.

TASTE THE TASTE

For all outdoor—great! For all indoor—greater!

Send for "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," a free book, that tells how to make rare sandwiches, souffles, canapes, *hors d'œuvres*, rarebits, dressings—Underwood Deviled Ham dishes you never thought of.

Also send for "Underwood's New England Sea Foods," another free book. It tells a taste New Englanders know—the salt sea taste of Underwood's delicious fried sardines in oil, mustard, tomato sauce, and sousé; clams in their own delectable juice; lobsters; etc.

Also send 15c for a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham to try.

When you send for booklet or ham always send your grocer's name, please.

Don't put it off. You'll forget it. Get some Underwood Deviled Ham and some Underwood New England Sea Foods from your grocer today. Wm. Underwood Co., 54 Fulton St., Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

The Ballinger Case

Comment of People and Papers at the Close of the Investigation

AS TO the merits of the case, nobody who has followed it can have any question that the reason and the sole reason why the Guggenheim Smelter Trust does not now possess title to hundreds of millions' worth of coal land in Alaska at a nominal cost and at payment of but \$52,000 to the present owners, the people, is because of the persistence and insubordination of the young chief of the field service, Louis R. Glavis.

—Topeka (Kans.) Capital.

"No survey of the case, however broad and general, can omit a reference to Mr. Ballinger's conduct on the witness-stand. In several instances, when questioned by Mr. Brandeis concerning extremely simple matters of fact, he made a pitiable exhibition of shiftiness, evasion, and—to call things by their right name—untruthfulness. To deny a thing and, almost in the next breath, to admit it when denial was plainly useless; to say he knew nothing about a matter, and, after a little prodding, to show that he remembered it quite accurately; to present the appearance of one willing to lie, and yet afraid to stick—this is a showing not only lamentable in itself, but doubly significant in relation to the case. It is significant in regard to the trustworthiness of his statements in general; and it is significant as bearing on the question of his fitness for the custodianship of the great national interests of which the Secretary of the Interior is the trustee. We would not magnify the circumstances; we would not say that Mr.

"The fact that since Mr. Connolly's suit was filed Mr. Lawler has offered an apology and a withdrawal of his untrue and offensive charges may or may not influence the injured Connolly to a reciprocal withdrawal of his action. The venom and prejudice Lawler exhibited as a witness was not confined to Connolly. His bias destroyed any value his testimony might else have possibly possessed. Mr. Connolly owed a duty to the nation as well as to himself—he should expose how unfit to write a judicial finding was this subordinate official whom Mr. Taft unhappily was persuaded to choose to pen Mr. Ballinger's vindication 'just as if he himself were the President.'"

—Los Angeles (Cal.) Express.

"... That miserable, muck-raking, slanderous publication... COLLIER'S WEEKLY lies, as it usually does..."

—From a letter from Senator GALLINGER of New Hampshire.

"President Taft, deceived by his trusted Secretary of the Interior, expected his letter, exonerating Ballinger and authorizing the dismissal of the mischief-making Glavis, to end what promised to be a lively scandal. Pinchot was ordered to stop talking, and silence was imposed on the officials of the Interior Department. The public, it was believed, would accept the official explanation and all would be serene. If the scheme had worked, the wealth of Alaska might have been delivered over to the Guggenheims and nobody

would have been the wiser. That this is not the outcome is due primarily to COLLIER'S WEEKLY, which obtained a hearing for Glavis and which, by persistent pounding, compelled a public investigation."

—Muskogee (Okla.) Tribune.

"The sincere and loyal friends of the Administration can only hope that Secretary Ballinger's services to his party and to the country may be fully proportionate to the amount of trouble which his

friends are taking to preserve his reputation before the country. And, further, it is to be hoped that as his vindication by a majority is practically a foregone conclusion, it will be so clear and convincing that the decision will end the controversy. We realize that this is praying for a miracle. But we need miracles and Providential intervention these days to restore harmony."

—Leadville (Colo.) Democrat.

"Mr. Vertrees also went far beyond the facts. The newspapers of the nation have maintained an attitude of fairness throughout this investigation, which deserves something better than abuse. The evidence has been carefully weighed, and an attempt, at least, made to exact justice to both sides of the controversy."

"The unsupported statements of Pinchot, Glavis, and other witnesses for the 'prosecution' remained unemphasized until Secretary Ballinger himself had taken the stand and been heard in reply. Then the tone of the newspaper comment was remarkable for its restraint, for the calm sifting and comparison of motives, personal prejudices, and contradictory statements."

"Some of the periodicals, notably COLLIER'S magazine, have been severe in their criticism. The newspapers have followed only in so far as they conceived the criticism to be just. The 'Press' has held that COLLIER'S, aside from the right or wrong of some of its deductions, has done the country notable service in blazing the trail to what at the opening of the hearing was practically unexplored territory. But the statements in COLLIER'S have never been accepted by the 'Press' or newspapers in general as *prima facie* facts, but rather as guiding posts for individual investigation and independent decision."

—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press.



Will They?

It was prepared long ago, but will it stick?

Newark, N. J. "Evening News"

Ballinger's character is to be measured by these manifestations. Some men, not particularly dishonest, thus instinctively grasp at straws when placed in an uncomfortable position; and we would not say that more than this is true of Mr. Ballinger. But it is not to the keeping of such men that we entrust great national possessions, for the seizure of which shrewd and unscrupulous and powerful and private interests are constantly on the alert; nor is it to the statements of such men that we give the benefit of every possible doubt when confronted with opposing evidence."

"The assault that has been made upon Mr. Ballinger is one of the unfair and most outrageous that has been made upon any public official within the memory of the present generation. The most indecent of the assailants was COLLIER'S WEEKLY."

—Colorado Springs (Colo.) Telegraph.

"One thing Mr. Brandeis has been fighting for has been equal rights for his side. He has had to stand up against contempt—against authority scornful of subordinates. He has had to trash respect for himself and his cause out of an impatient tribunal and a derisive officialdom, and it looks to us as though he had done it."

"Given a purpose and a strong personality, the journal of protest can wield powerful influence to-day after the manner of some ante-bellum journals. The present vogue and power of COLLIER'S WEEKLY and the cheaper magazines are as much due to a belief that they are not subject to muzzling influences as to the personal character of their type of journalism. Whether in the long run they will wholly escape the dangers of prosperity and the pitfall of the advertiser remains to be seen."

—New York Evening Post.



"I only wish I had another face to shave"

COLGATE'S
ANTISEPTIC
RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

makes shaving a pleasure,
—softening—soothing—sanitary.

1. No rubbing in lather with the fingers.
2. No making it in a cup.
3. No rubbing soap on the face.
4. No caking of soap on the razor's edge.
5. No soap that touches brush or skin is used again.
6. Not a moment or a motion wasted.

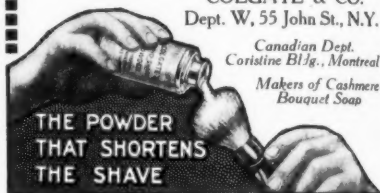
Just powder the wet brush,
lather your face.

The quickest, cleanest way of
making a lather as lasting and
delightful as that of our famous
shaving stick.

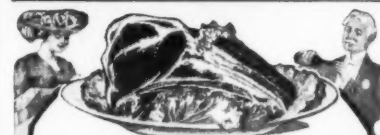
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roasts by adding

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It brings out the best flavor
of Soups, Fish, Steaks, Veal,
Stews, Chops and Salads.
"It is a perfect seasoning."

Beware of Imitations.

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"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison" Trade Mark Reg.

The Pipe They Let You Smoke at Home. Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke. Order 3 or More Today.

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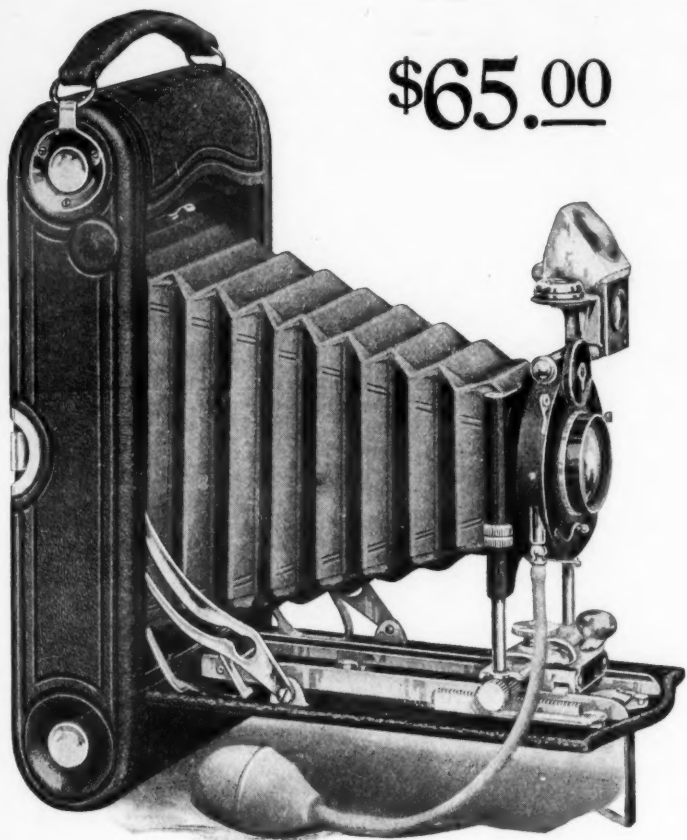
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Does not chafe, overheat or draw end of stump



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3A Special KODAK

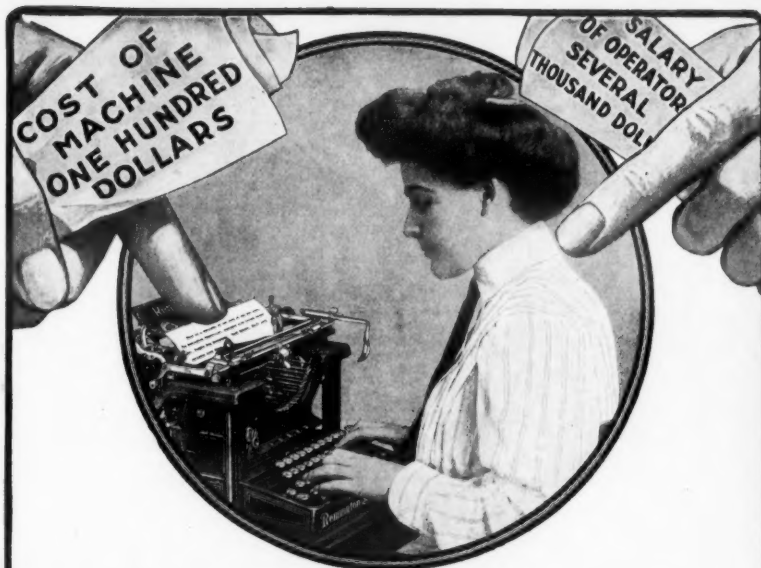
A new camera having every refinement that can be put into a pocket instrument, but *no complications*.

The 3A Special makes pictures $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. The optical equipment consists of the famous Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat Lens (speed *f. 6.3*) and the Compound Shutter, which has an extreme speed of $\frac{1}{200}$ of a second, working accurately on the instantaneous action from that speed down to one second, and giving also "time" exposures. With this equipment, speed pictures far beyond the ordinary range and snap shots on moderately cloudy days are readily made.

And the camera itself is fully in keeping with its superb optical equipment. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care. A high-priced camera—but worth the price.

Kodak Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

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Costs One Hundred Dollars and its name is

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The cost of a good operator during the average life of a Typewriter is Several Thousand Dollars. And remember that no operator can do the most work or the best work except on the best machine. Compare your outlay for the machine with your outlay for the operator and you will see why it is true economy to buy the Remington.

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Eleven Miles of Happiness



is what our **Thirty Thousand Fresh-Air Guests** would make, yearly, if in line like these tenement mothers at Sea Breeze. They have suffered from lack of proper food and clothing, from dark crowded rooms, from overwork, sickness and bereavement. Sea Breeze cured **Smiling Joe** of tuberculosis.

HOW MANY MAY WE SEND AS YOUR GUESTS?

- \$2.50 will give a whole week of new life and cheer to a worn out mother, an underfed working girl, a convalescing patient, or an aged toiler.
- 5.00 gives a teething baby and its "little mother" of ten a cool healthful week.
- 10.00 gives four run-down school children a fresh start for next year.
- 25.00 names a bed for the season. \$50.00 names a room.
- 100.00 gives a happy excursion to 400 mothers and children—their only outing.

Will you have a Lawn Party or a Children's Fair to help us? Write for literature.

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The only Elastic-ribbed porous Underwear.

Refreshingly cool
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drink in fresh air.
Light, soft, silky — and
most comfortable, because it is
**The Only Elastic Ribbed
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Fits perfectly. Wears wonderfully.

Ask your dealer and insist on getting the Keepkool

Made in knee length and ankle length drawers,
short or long sleeves and athletic shirts.

For Men { Shirts and Drawers }
50c per garment

For Boys
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Union Suits for Men, \$1.00 — for Boys, 50c

If your dealer can't supply you with Keepkool underwear, we will. Write for catalog and sample of Keepkool fabric.

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Have to open the other
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TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The Kind with the Flavor —
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